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The Shape of Things

CASUALLY, ALMOST INCIDENTALLY, THE United States went to war with Germany and Italy last week Thursday. It all happened before lunch: Hitler's and Mussolini's speeches, the President's message read to Congress by the clerk, the unanimous vote of both houses. It was as if war against Hitler and Mussolini were merely a minor by-product of war with Japan. For so many months we had waded along the edges of the terrible flood that when we finally plunged in completely the mood of the country was almost one of nonchalance. "Well, now we're in it," people said smilingly.

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BUT THEN CAME THE INEVITABLE MOMENT of astonished realization. New York and several other cities went through a silly attack of air-raid panic before they settled down to the sober business of preparing for what might, however improbably, come. Refugees from Hitler's terror suddenly discovered that they were still his compatriots—and America's enemies. Nothing happened to them. The two or three thousand enemy aliens rounded up by the FBI were persons charged with illegal acts against the United States. Attorney General Biddle published a statement explaining the restrictions affecting all Axis citizens, and refugees gave their fine German cameras to friends, disposed of their short-wave radio-receiving sets, and canceled plans to move from one place to another. Some modification of these restrictions is likely to be announced within a few days, for the Department of Justice has said that it will tolerate no harsh or indiscriminate interference with the rights of law-abiding Germans and Italians; and citizens' tribunals are about to be created to pass on the cases of enemy aliens suspected of subversive behavior. Indications point to an interval of decent tolerance in the handling of this question, but it may be shattered at any moment by a flagrant act of Axis sabotage or the discovery of a single enemy agent among the refugee population. It will take very little to touch off hysteria during a period of emotional mobilization like the present.

RECRUITING STATIONS ARE NOW FLOODED with applicants, and older citizens and women are besieging the civilian-defense office with offers of service. A bill has been introduced to register male citizens between eighteen and sixty-five for various sorts of war work. The registration of women is under consideration. Enormous new taxes, outdoing the most reckless prophecies of our Wall Street Cassandras, are in preparation in Washington. We know today, after a week of war, that war will be no picnic. But it is not too pessimistic to say that as yet we have no more than the faintest inkling of the pains that lie ahead. The country has finally accepted its due share of the job of saving those values that alone make life tolerable on this planet. Before the job is finished, our comforts, our established ways of doing things, our accepted theories, and many, many lives will have been lost in the common struggle. We do not yet know, nor have we the daring to imagine, how great these losses will be, but at least we have learned that to hold back would be to lose everything. That knowledge is enough to go to war on; full realization will come later.

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BOTH AMERICAN AND BRITISH OUTPOSTS in the western Pacific are under siege, and for some time they will have to depend on their own resources. The smallest and most exposed fortress is that of Hongkong, where the garrison has already had to withdraw from the mainland to defend the island itself. With practically no air force to ward off bombing attacks on its crowded streets, and under bombardment at close range from heavy guns, it will do well to hold out for more than a few weeks. Its only prospect of relief lies in the development of a Chinese offensive in the Japanese rear. At present, however, the Chinese forces available appear only sufficient for guerrilla warfare. The situation on the Malay Peninsula is also serious. Although Dutch submarines have been doing a very effective job against enemy transports, a very considerable Japanese force has been landed and appears to be making headway. The complicity of Thailand has given the Japanese a big advantage, since they are able to use prepared air bases close to the Malay frontier and thus give fighter protection to their bombers. In the Philippines, on the other hand, they are forced to depend on bases in Formosa, which is beyond fighter range, and as a result bombing operations are becoming increasingly costly for them. This is one reason why they are struggling to establish a secure beachhead. They have made several landings, all of which appear to have been taken care of by the defending forces except that at Aparri in northern Luzon, where the situation remains obscure. Meanwhile the American bombers, free from fighter opposition, have wrought havoc among the Japanese transports.

THE FULL STORY OF PEARL HARBOR MUST, perhaps, remain untold until the end of the war, but Secretary of the Navy Knox's forthright report gives a fairly extensive and unvarnished account of what actually happened on Sunday, December 7. It kills some of the wilder rumors that have circulated and makes it clear that the Japanese did not achieve their objective by crippling the Pacific fleet. On the other hand, Mr. Knox's revelation of the casualties suffered will give the public a new shock: 2729 officers and men of the navy were killed and 656 wounded. In addition 168 army men were lost and a yet unknown number of civilians. The Japanese did not escape unscathed, suffering known losses of 41 planes and 3 submarines. Quickly recovering from their surprise, our sailors fought back skilfully and heroically. It is reassuring to know that despite ships sunk and damaged, about which few details are given in the Secretary's report, a fully balanced fleet was rapidly able to put to sea in search of the enemy. The gravest part of Mr. Knox's report is his statement that "the United States services were not on the alert against the surprise air attack on Hawaii." We are glad to know that the President is appointing an investigating board, and we hope it will not pull its punches no matter how high the heads that are hit.

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IF VICHY DOES DECIDE TO HAND OVER THE French fleet to the Axis, we shall only know after it goes into action, for fear both of popular disapproval and of British counter-measures would preclude any formal announcement. There is some reason to think, however, that Marshal Pétain is still hesitating to take this final step in "collaboration," although he may have made the base of Bizerta available to the Italians, following Admiral Darlan's conference with Count Ciano last week. The entry of the United States into the war and the recent new British success against the Italian fleet make additional naval support an urgent necessity for the Axis. On the other hand, America's declaration of war is a body blow to the Darlans and Lavals. It must make them wonder whether they have put their shirts on the wrong horse, and it has certainly cheered the vast majority of Frenchmen who have retained their faith in a final defeat of the Axis. But are we doing all we could to exploit the vast propaganda value of our entry into the war? We ought immediately to inform Vichy that we shall regard any form of naval aid to Germany as a hostile act, and we should make this known publicly through every available radio channel. At the same time we should encourage our French friends with hope for the future, and in this connection we welcome Secretary Hull's statement that the United States government contemplates the restoration of a fully free and independent France.

LABOR, LIKE MOST OTHER GROUPS, HAS found a way to unity in the crisis, and there are signs that it may be more lasting than first appearances indicate. The A. F. of L. and C. I. O. are still not one, but in several places unions from the two federations have issued joint statements in support of the war and of a no-strike bargaining policy. The President's War Labor Board differs little in personnel from the mediation boards that went before it, but there is little chance now that it can be hamstrung by intractable Lewisites or piqued Communists. If the labor movement has not always seen opportunities for leadership in the world crisis, at least those leaders who did have foresight command more power and respect today. Because it has no great vested interests in outmoded social controls, labor can help make the war effort more efficient. It could not do this so long as large sections of the movement remained aloof from or tried to hinder the defense program; but the position into which the country was thrust by the Japanese attack has brought the most rigid labor isolationists into line. Labor is in a position to help forge its future. It can justly demand of business, government, and public a voice in the solution of all our problems of production and distribution, in war and peace.

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JUST HOW IMPORTANT A CONTRIBUTION labor can make in solving the problems of war production is made startlingly clear in the plan advanced by Walter P. Reuther for speeding the building of thirty-ton tanks by a pooling arrangement in the automobile industry. Speaking appropriately enough under the auspices of the Union for Democratic Action, Mr. Reuther, who is director of the General Motors Division of the United Automobile Workers, last week described the blank wall of bureaucratic resistance encountered by the famous Reuther plan for building planes in automobile factories, a plan that not only would have added incalculably to the country's military strength but would have prevented layoffs in the industry that are likely to affect 300,000 men by February 1, 1942. The plans for producing more tanks and more planes worked out by Mr. Reuther and his C. I. O. colleagues are plans which a competitive-minded management is not likely to advance and which government agencies cannot be expected to originate simply because of unfamiliarity with the technical problems involved. They are peculiarly labor's gifts to national defense, the kind of contribution which is both the sign of labor maturity and the guaranty of labor morale.

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IF ALL THE FORMER ISOLATIONISTS WHO ARE now decked out in Old Glory had been isolationists and nothing worse, it would be unkind and unprofitable to dwell any longer on their change of heart. Everyone is entitled to be wrong—and to change his tack once the

falseness of his position is beyond dispute. Only the simple-minded, however, imagine that the isolationist movement was the exclusive preserve of political innocents shying away from violence. The plain fact is that the anti-war crowd of the past three years has numbered in its ranks the most ruthless and violent elements in the population, ranging from the cutthroats of the Bund and their American counterparts—"Christian Mobilizers," Silver Shirts, etc.—to the sly, richer, and suaver champions of a fascist America. These people were poison before, and they are even more lethal now that the country is in danger. It is one thing for Alfred M. Landon to wire his support to the White House, for Senator Johnson to vote for a declaration of war, or even for John T. Flynn, mean and intemperate as he has been, to pledge his "loyal support" to the war effort; but it is something else again for the editors of *Scribner's Commentator* to offer their "whole-hearted support to our Commander-in-Chief," and for the publishers of *Social Justice* to "submit to the will of the government," agreeing not to countenance "intellectual or physical sabotage." Nor can the people of this country be expected to look with anything but a jaundiced eye on the support of the Nyes, the Wheelers, and the Lindberghs, whose fierce animosity toward "our Commander-in-Chief" was in strange contrast to their gentle tolerance of the country's obvious enemies. Laval, remember, "supported" France's war effort.

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A FORETASTE OF THE STRINGENT CONSUMER restrictions that will have to be imposed if the Axis is to be defeated came last week. On the order of Donald Nelson, Director of Priorities of the OPM, sales of new automobile tires for civilian use have been suspended and production limited to such tires as are necessary for new cars. The January quota for automobile production has been set at less than 25 per cent of the 1941 level. New slashes have been made in the production quotas for automatic phonographs, refrigerators, washing machines, and other durable consumers' goods. While few consumers will suffer more than temporary inconveniences from these restrictions, the resignation of Miss Harriet Elliott as Director of the Consumer Division carries a warning that the legitimate interests of consumers in quality and fair standards may be jeopardized. It is no secret that Miss Elliott's division has been given scant recognition in the formulation of policies in recent months. Meanwhile, prices appear to be moving upward at an accelerated pace. Leon Henderson, director of the Office of Price Administration, estimates that the cost of living is now rising at the rate of 1½ per cent a month. Unlike the earlier advances, the rise of the past few months has not been confined largely to agricultural products. The prices of other commodities are also advancing, although not so rapidly as those of farm products. It is frankly admitted in Washington that Mr.

Henderson's efforts to enforce ceilings on prices by voluntary cooperation cannot be effective much longer. Nor is there any prospect of checking the inflationary price rise unless the Senate reverses the action of the House and passes, within a comparatively short time, a price-control bill with teeth in it.

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SOME AID IN OFFSETTING INFLATION MAY be provided by a new and more drastic tax bill. The outbreak of war appears to have overcome at least part of the normal Congressional reluctance to the passage of a tax bill in an election year. Representative Doughton, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, and Senator George, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, conferred with Secretary Morgenthau last week regarding a new tax bill. That some new taxes will be levied in 1942 seems certain. First reports indicate that an additional four or five billions will be sought. This would necessitate a drastic increase as judged by pre-war standards. But it would not go far enough to flatten the inflationary spiral appreciably. The 1941 tax bill will only offset about a third of the year's increase in government expenditures. But if inflation is to be checked, it will be necessary not only to offset the increased purchasing power created by war expenditures but to reduce individual incomes—by one means or another—to compensate for the decline in the production of consumers' goods. For if purchasing power is not curtailed by taxation or government borrowing, it is bound to be cut to a corresponding extent by increased prices. There is evidence that Administration leaders like Morgenthau, Eccles, and Henderson understand this fact perfectly, but they appear to have encountered difficulty in getting it across to Congress.

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IT IS WORTH RECORDING AS A FOOTNOTE TO history, that the anti-Axis nations are now allied against fascism as the proponents of collective security believed they should have been four years ago. The alliance of Britain, Russia, China, and America has come into being by a more tortuous process than had been envisaged; one great nation, France, and many smaller ones were overwhelmed before the principle of collective security was vindicated; history also had to overcome the appeasement of Chamberlain, the treason of the Nazi-Soviet pact, and the immense reluctance of America to assume responsibility in the community of nations. But the lesson has at least been learned. The difference between what was proposed and what has been consummated is, of course, tremendous. Moreover, an earlier alliance could have prevented the Nazi tyranny from drowning the world in blood; now that alliance must wade through this blood to accomplish its purpose. Thus history takes its revenge upon those who evade their obvious responsibilities. Since

each of the great nations, with the exception of China, was equally guilty of seeking to evade duties now thrust upon them, it is well to be done with recriminations, to be grateful for the fact that our several acts and moods of treason were not synchronous. We are now allied not only by common responsibilities but by the common guilt of having increased our burdens by seeking to escape them.

The United War Fronts

THE urgent need of an Allied war council to plan the total strategy of the war is illustrated by the current controversy over whether Russia should or should not open a second front in the Far East. Forced upon the defensive in the Pacific by Japan's surprise tactics, we should naturally like to secure Russia's cooperation and the use of Vladivostok as an offensive base against Tokyo. Yet it is difficult to dispute the logic of Moscow's argument that, for the time being, it must concentrate its energies on combating the Nazis. In the long run the Russians may help us more by pinning down the bulk of Germany's army than by relieving us of pressure in the Far East. The recovery by the Red Army of Kiev and Odessa might well outweigh in the grand balance of war even so grievous a blow as the loss of the Philippines.

Neither we nor any of the powers associated with us can successfully fight this war in isolation. The fortunes of each of the many fronts must inevitably react on those of all the others. That is why there ought to be a close coordination of policies. We must find ways and means of distributing the forces and supplies available to the anti-Axis cause to the best possible advantage. We must secure the synchronization of our blows against the common enemy. And if these ends are to be achieved, desultory staff consultations are insufficient: there must be a permanent body in a position to view the war as a whole and authorized to work out concerted plans for victory.

Attempting to see the war in proper perspective at the present time, we must set against the losses which we and the British have suffered at the hands of Japan the fact that for the first time the Axis is in full retreat both in Russia and Africa. The comparatively small scale of the second of these campaigns may make it appear a side-show, but we suspect it has a greater potential importance than Ambassador Litvinov allowed in his statement to the Washington correspondents. If Hitler is to implement his war declaration against the United States offensively, he must secure control of North and West Africa, and that he cannot do as long as Britain dominates the Mediterranean.

In any case there is no need to minimize the importance of the African front in order to magnify the tremendous achievement of the Red Army, which has administered to the *Reichswehr* its first major defeat in

this war. After battering for weeks at the gates of Moscow and sacrificing huge numbers of men and quantities of material, Hitler has been forced to abandon his objective by the stubborn resistance of the Russians, who held his army back until weather and the increasing difficulties of supply compelled a retreat. The Berlin spokesmen are talking of a "purely tactical" withdrawal, but this phrase would appear to describe their hopes rather than the actual situation. Perhaps the German High Command, when giving the order to retreat, expected that the Red Army, which it had so often reported "annihilated," would be too exhausted to interfere. If so, the Germans must already be bitterly disillusioned, for the Russians are counter-attacking all along the line. German pressure on Leningrad and Sevastopol has been relieved, and on the central front the Nazi rear guard is in danger of encirclement. There is to be no easy withdrawal to comfortable winter quarters.

The Russian achievement is of the utmost service to the whole Allied cause. It is essential that the *Reichswehr* be kept on the run, that it should not be allowed a period for rest and reorganization, a period during which it could hold its winter lines with a skeleton force, releasing men and equipment for new offensives elsewhere. There have been rumors of a German attack on Turkey or occupation of the Iberian Peninsula and Morocco, and it is quite possible that Hitler was planning to use his army in some such direction until spring opened a new campaigning season in Russia. But all his plans will have to be modified if the Soviets can keep the initiative, which they have at last managed to achieve. With the Russian bear so profitably engaged in hugging Hitler, it would be absurd to ask it to turn around and devote one paw to slapping down the Japanese. Russia has old scores to settle with Japan and will, no doubt, join us in the Pacific when the time seems propitious, unless Tokyo settles the matter by getting in the first blow. For we must not overlook the possibility that Hitler, hard pressed in Russia, will prod his Oriental partners into trying a "Pearl Harbor" at Vladivostok.

The Ex-Isolationists

WHEN Winston Churchill became Prime Minister he decided that a man's pre-war opinions on foreign policy should not debar him from useful service to the state in time of war. Similarly in America we have agreed to forget past differences and let our national watchword be "Unity for Victory." There are, we are told, no longer "isolationists" or "interventionists," but only Americans.

This is all to the good, provided that in applying the general principle of forgetting past differences we do not disregard certain patent and vitally important facts. We are bound to

affect the conduct of the war. Britain found that the appeaser mind which, before the war, produced a disastrous foreign policy produced an equally disastrous war policy; that eminent statesmen who had consistently misread the Nazi mind in peace time could also be depended upon to misread it in time of war.

If Roosevelt were a dictator and therefore in a position to disregard Congress, if he were sure of a mass subservience as complete as that which enabled Hitler to talk of Russia as his "faithful comrade" in May and as the deadly enemy of mankind in June, the existence of convictions incompatible with an effective war policy in large sectors of public opinion would not be important. But since this is a democracy in which the grand strategy of the war will be widely discussed and in which day-to-day decisions will be affected by considerations of the state of public opinion, the whole problem of the appeaser or isolationist ought to be faced at the beginning. The government will have to decide what our attitude will be toward Franco's Spain and Pétain's France, whether we shall seize Dakar, the Cape Verde Islands, and the Canaries and occupy the Irish bases, whether we shall sign a pact of alliance with Russia or Britain or China, or all three; and everyone knows that sections of the public have very deep convictions concerning these things.

Two days before the attack on Pearl Harbor an American archbishop, primate of the Catholic dioceses of Baltimore and Washington, declared that America was being asked to aid and abet the greatest murderer the world had ever known, a man who was quite capable of double-crossing the United States by once more making a bargain with Hitler. The archbishop went on to imply that association with a person and a system thus "guilty before God and man" was a sin which in the end would condemn America to terrible punishment. Three days later, after Japan's attack, a United States Senator informed the public that that event had been planned by Britain and that the United States had once more become the victim of British imperialism.

These two themes—Russian communism and British imperialism—had been for months the standing texts of editorials and cartoons in the New York newspaper which has the largest circulation in the city, in the Hearst press from one end of the country to the other, and in the Chicago *Tribune*. Suddenly, with our entry into the war, this stream of comment stopped, turned off like water from a tap. The tap marked unity was turned on, and the Senator who twelve hours before had proclaimed that "the British imperialists had planned it all" stood up meekly, with eighty-one other Senators, and gave his vote for "Britain's war."

Whatever the motives of the men who wrote the anti-war editorials and made the anti-war speeches, the people who read them and were convinced by them were sincere

and honest. On the other hand, there is no question that the great majority of these people are equally sincere in their support of the government now that war has come. But it would be a grave mistake to assume that their former doubts have vanished, and we may be sure the Nazis will make no such assumption. It is quite certain that German propaganda will assure the Russians that the opinions of the above-mentioned archbishop and of Hearst are the real though unexpressed opinions of a considerable section of the American people. It is quite certain also that the Germans will do their utmost to keep alive the belief that America is fighting Britain's war—just as they have already, in their radio propaganda directed at Britain, switched to the theme that the conflict has now become "America's war" and that an Allied victory can mean only the victory of American economic imperialism.

We cannot afford to ignore these undercurrents of unexpressed opinion. Instead, we must make a genuine effort to combat and neutralize them; and we can do that only by promoting a wider understanding of the real nature, by clarifying the fundamental moral issue, of this war. We need, quite evidently, to make more widely understood the truth that we can guarantee Russia's right to existence without accepting Russia's economic or political system, just as we need to make it clear that it was not the British imperialists but the British people who insisted upon resistance to Nazi aggression. Only by this means can we cement our unity.

Is Latin America Safe?

BY FRED KIRCHWEY

THE State Department seems to be pleased with the way things are going below the Rio Grande. Today Latin America is supposed to be solidly united behind the United States and hemispheric defense and against our Axis enemies, east and west. The failure of Nazi attempts at division and subversion is proved by the resounding protestations of solidarity from every southern neighbor; the agreements of Lima, Panama, and Havana have been unanimously indorsed and will be duly implemented when the conference of foreign ministers assembles next month at Rio. Such is the official picture painted in Washington and spread across the pages of the press. It would be nice if it only bore a closer resemblance to the facts. Unfortunately, a good likeness would look different. It would be blurred, confused, and painted in darker tones.

We should have that likeness before us even at the risk of temporary discouragement. For our national fate and the outcome of this global war may easily depend on the true position of the Latin American countries. Those countries are not merely possible objects of Axis

conquest; they are also, and chiefly, coveted as bases of attack against the United States.

Here are a few of the facts that hide behind the smooth appearance presented in the State Department handouts.

The Latin American countries obviously cannot be lumped into a single, simple, anti-Axis whole; roughly they should be divided into four groups. First is the group which has declared war on the Axis or broken off relations with it, and so has fulfilled, both in letter and spirit, the agreements reached in the last three pan-American conferences. It is inevitable that in this group we should find Mexico and the republics of the Caribbean and Central America. These countries lie within the orbit of the United States, and their choice has been made for them, whether they like it or not. Some like it. No one could doubt, for example, the democratic impulse behind Costa Rica's hasty declaration of war. Mexico, the most important member of the group, is anti-Axis out of principle as well as self-interest, and the appointment of ex-President Cárdenas as commander of the army insures democratic unity inside the country as well as substantial backing for the war and inter-American cooperation.

The second group seems to be limited to one country, Uruguay, which has lived up to the spirit of the Lima-Panama-Havana agreements but has not yet fully applied the letter. Uruguay's democratic government is solidly pro-Ally, as is its people, and President Baldomir has declared that his country considers itself morally at war with the Axis powers. Materially it is also at war since it has authorized the building of bases—air and naval—for the use of Britain and the United States. But juridically Uruguay is still neutral, and its failure to declare war is largely explained by its desire to make its material help effective. A declaration of war would have opened the old question of Uruguay's jurisdiction over its territorial waters in the River Plate and precipitated a dispute with the pro-Nazi government of its powerful neighbor, Argentina. Uruguay is biding its time, waiting for events, and perhaps the coming conference at Rio, to force the issue.

Chile would find itself in a position similar to Uruguay's had it not been plunged into a presidential election by the sudden death of President Aguirre Cerda. Morally Chile, like Uruguay, stands with the United States. But any strong action must wait until the election is past and a new administration has taken hold. Meanwhile the Chilean fleet is serving the anti-Axis cause by convoying merchant ships down the long and unprotected coast and through the Straits of Magellan.

The third group comprises those countries which have fulfilled the letter of the pan-American agreements, at least as far as Uruguay and Chile have, but are busy sabotaging the war effort. Chief among them is Brazil. No

government has been louder ; al facts that a support of inter-American solidarity than to be trusted. Brazil has the first tarian government in the game of Getulio Vargas is with Nazi sympathizers; Vargas himself expects Hitler to win. As long as doubt remains, Brazil will put up a solemn show of loyalty to its old friendship with the United States, which is, after all, its chief financial backer and best customer. But it will hedge every commitment and try to play its hand in such a way as to win with the winner, whoever he may be.

In Group three is also to be found the other great South American power. Like Brazil—and also Chile and Uruguay—Argentina adopted the curious fiction of designating the United States as a “non-belligerent” at the very moment we declared our belligerency. By this device the Argentine is enabled to permit our warships the use of its port facilities without compromising its own neutrality. But the inner facts belie this show of support, as they do in Brazil. Acting-President Castillo has carried out a consistently pro-Axis policy against the expressed will of the legislature and the overwhelming sentiment of the people. Argentina is balanced on the edge of a political upheaval which may easily put into power a federal regime definitely fascist in character. Even today it is a little hard to credit the story of Argentina’s unqualified support of inter-American unity when one reads of crowds dispersed by the police for shouting “Long live the United States! Long live President Roosevelt!” and of students arrested, on order of Castillo, for distributing pro-Ally leaflets. The government’s belated announcement that Axis propaganda is also to be stopped is hardly enough to dissipate democratic suspicion. Argentina must

obviously present at least an appearance of neutrality.

Group four includes those countries which have fulfilled neither the letter nor the spirit of the pan-American agreements; chief among them is Peru. No press agent’s art can make this country look like a willing American ally. A lesser member of the group is Venezuela.



Getulio Vargas

For years the United States has followed the curious practice in Latin America of slighting its friends and subsidizing its enemies. This policy is explicable only according to the logic of appeasement so brilliantly applied in Rome, Vichy, Tokyo, and Madrid. Its effect has been exactly the same in Rio and

Lima. The Latin American dictators have taken our dollars—and bet them on Hitler. Meanwhile the democratic countries and the democratic groups in each country have cooled their heels or faced open rebuffs. Not all the goodwill missionaries dispatched here and there by the State Department and the Coordinator’s office can offset our catastrophic failure to support the anti-fascist elements in the Latin American countries—the only elements that can be counted upon to resist the Axis and put up a fight for democracy. Unfortunately for us Hitler knows better; he uses his friends in those countries and does his best to place and keep them in power.

Rumors for Russia

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, December 14

IT IS too early to feel sure that there may not yet be surprises for us on the Russian front. Several weeks ago there were reports here that *Pravda* had published news dispatches of the Nazi D. N. B. on the unimportance of the Libyan front and on Britain’s failure to give adequate aid to the Soviets. Alarmed officials did not know whether to regard the publication of these dispatches as attempts to prepare the Russians for a new Nazi-Soviet agreement or as efforts to frighten England and America into speeding up the shipment of war materials. Avoidance of a war on two fronts has been one of the Führer’s basic axioms. The weather is not favorable to war either in European Russia or in Siberia. The

probability is that Hitler would have liked to patch up a Russian truce while he matched the Japanese attack in the Pacific with a new thrust to the west. The European end of the Axis can best help Japan’s war by moves which would tie up as much as possible of the American and British fleets in the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. Conversely, the Japanese attack on the United States may be expected to cut down lease-lend aid to England, providing a favorable opportunity for action in the west. For this purpose a pause on the eastern front is of course desirable.

Judging from Hitler’s speech to the Reichstag Thursday, it would seem that no agreement with the Russians is in the offing. Otherwise he would hardly have placed

as much stress as he did on the Reich's role as Europe's bulwark against Bolshevism. Litvinov at his first press conference yesterday said the Soviets had no intention of falling in with any Nazi plans for a halt in activities on the eastern front or "of allowing Hitler to hibernate." It is to Russia's advantage to press the offensive, and there is every indication that the Soviet armies are doing so. But to remain bogged down in the Soviet Union for the winter is, from Hitler's point of view, to miss what may be his last favorable opportunity in the west. By next winter we should be in a position both to carry on war and to send increased supplies to our allies. From the Japanese point of view, a Nazi failure to stage an offensive in the west would seem a breach of faith, weakening Tokyo's chances at Singapore, key to the iron, tin, rubber, and oil of Burma and the Netherlands Indies through which alone Japan can hope to survive an Anglo-American blockade.

Axis strategy in Europe calls for the occupation of Spain, an attempt to seize the Spanish-Portuguese islands in the Atlantic, and a new attack on England. There would have been great advantages of surprise and terror had such an attack been launched the same Sunday that the Japanese struck at Pearl Harbor. To have been able to synchronize the two attacks would have been worth a big price at Moscow. But the failure of the Germans to obtain a truce, written or tacit, does not exclude the possibility that they may find other ways to extricate themselves temporarily from the unsuccessful Russian campaign.

Some sources think a Nazi retreat from Moscow not impossible. The question is whether the badly battered Russians would have the strength to strike beyond their borders while the Führer turned his attention to England. A retreat of this kind, far more daring than any advance, would fit in with Hitler's grandiose conceptions, his genius for surprise, and the need of a country with Germany's limited resources to keep its armies mobile and its campaigns short. New victories in the west might counteract the shock at home, and some success could be claimed for the Russian campaign in terms of the damage done to Soviet industry. In any case, this winter may be Hitler's last opportunity for a successful invasion of England, and action in the west at least offers the prospect of gain commensurate with the risk.

It may be that an increased appreciation of these possibilities explains London's growing acceptance of Soviet reluctance to enter the war in the Far East. Though more unpleasant surprises cannot be entirely excluded, it is reasonable to suppose that the Russians lack sufficient material to court war in the Far East. In a global war Pearl Harbor, Penang, and Petrozavodsk are all part of one great front, a fact not widely enough recognized here. The capital ran a high fever all week on the question of what the Russians would do in the Far East,

and domestic politics inevitably played their part in the discussion.

In some quarters fears were the reflection of hope. At Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean's last Sunday-night party Martin Dies said the coming surprise would be an alliance of Germany, Japan, and the Soviet Union. A pact of this kind would further Dies's own career and make possible resumption of his attack on the left. The European division of the State Department, a division notoriously afflicted with anti-Sovietitis, nurtured the same nightmare. To this source is traced the gargoylish dispatch from Washington published in last Thursday's *New York Times*. "Responsible quarters" and "students of history" were quoted as saying that the Soviets would not aid the United States against Japan because "the bulk of the Russians, like the Chinese and Japanese, are essentially united as Orientals." No doubt this explains why the Chinese and Japanese have been getting along so swimmingly since 1931.

These same "responsible quarters" picked a poor moment to assure the *Times* correspondent that Moscow had "not treated the British as actual allies during several months of common warfare." The British waited until three months of this common warfare had passed before warning the Finns to stop fighting and did not declare war on the Finns until another two and a half months had passed. This delay, our continued diplomatic relations with Finland, and the three months which passed before we sent a mission to Moscow should make it possible for us to reflect more coolly on the whole week which has passed without a Russian declaration of war upon Japan.

Litvinov, under a battery of movie cameras and floodlights, made a good impression upon the press. He was simple in manner, as straightforward as a diplomat can be, and sincerely anxious to make correspondents feel the difficulties of his government's position without saying too much. "Too much" is whether or not we shall be allowed to use Soviet bases in Siberia against Japan. For me, the most interesting revelation of the press conference came when he was asked whether Moscow had been invited to sit in on the ABCD parleys for mutual defense in the Pacific. "So far as I know," Litvinov said, "the answer must be in the negative." One State Department source later told one reporter that Moscow had asked not to be invited. Another State Department source, equally good, told another reporter that no invitation had been extended to the Soviets because our War and Navy departments did not ask the State Department to do so. "We did not think we should act independently," was the lame alibi. A State Department of this kind helps explain why America's enemy, Japan, is well stocked with our scrap iron and oil, while our uneasy ally, the Soviet Union, is liberally supplied with suspicion.

What the Navy Can Do

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

THE earliest engagements in the War of the Pacific have been fought with all honors for alertness and lack of scruple going to Japan. Not the war itself but the manner of its opening brought surprise to those persons who did not remember the crippling attack on the Russian Far Eastern fleet with which Japan started the Russo-Japanese War. Bombing attacks on Guam, Wake, and the Philippines were foreseen by all students of naval war. So was the presence in the eastern Pacific of long-range Japanese submarines attacking American merchant vessels. Added to this knowledge of what to expect was the known presence of Japanese submarines in Hawaiian waters and of surface warships in the vicinity of our island bases. Nevertheless, all observers were startled by the suddenness and audacity of the attack on Pearl Harbor, the strongest American base in the Pacific. Apparently neither cruising submarines nor planes maintained on islands west of Hawaii for scouting purposes reported the presence of the carriers, of which, to judge by the number of planes, there must have been at least three or four. Nor did the air-raid-warning system of the army assist here, though in Canal Zone maneuvers it had reported hostile aircraft an hour before they came in view. Either the Japanese air fleet possesses a degree of efficiency unknown elsewhere or, in the succinct words of one Congressman, "both army and navy were caught asleep in the same bed." The result was the greatest naval disaster in American history.

Wild rumors about the details of the Japanese attack are apt to receive more attention in the United States than the strategy revealed by the attack itself. The presence of powerful American naval and air forces in the Far East interfered with Japanese naval expansion to the south. In a desperate attempt to immobilize our fleet by damaging it and so permit the success of their expeditionary forces, the Japanese risked the probable annihilation of half their ship-based naval air force. It is a fair criticism of the American navy that this result did not ensue. The attacks on Midway and Wake islands were probably designed to secure advanced stations from which to report American movements while denying such information to the United States. The successful holding of those islands assumed earlier success at Pearl Harbor. The feints at the American coast and submarine sinkings in the eastern Pacific indicate that the Japanese High Command is familiar with the history of our Spanish-American War, when such a panic was produced

along the Atlantic Coast by the bogey of Cervera's fleet that communities up and down the seaboard demanded naval protection and seriously embarrassed the Navy Department by their clamor. These gestures were probably expected to produce a panicky American public which would demand of the government the very worst strategic course—retention of the American navy in the eastern Pacific, where it would be quite unable to interfere with the execution of Japanese plans.

It is our gain that these attacks have unified the American people as nothing else could possibly have done and have put an end to the essentially dishonest practice of taking part in war without declaring it. But they also revealed serious shortcomings either in high army and navy circles or in the military-intelligence service.

From the Japanese angle the attack on Hawaii was unquestionably so brilliant a success as to invite repetition. Ships were sunk and others were heavily damaged; the latter will need docking and extensive repairs which will take months. Also, because of these losses reinforcements must be sent from the Atlantic, for President Roosevelt, against the advice, it is reported, of his high naval officers, last summer transferred numerous important units to the Atlantic to assist in the campaign against German submarines. The operation was a success so far as the Battle of the Atlantic was concerned but proves to have been a time-consuming mistake as regards the Battle of the Pacific.

Until our fleet has the strength to take a vigorous offensive we are certain to know further reverses. Japan is brilliantly repeating the strategy of surprise attack and defeat of a more powerful foe in detail which brought it victory over Russia. The sinking of the Prince of Wales and the Repulse was a revelation of Japanese air and submarine efficiency which the Germans must have envied. The Far East is now denuded of naval protection that has anything more than nuisance value against an attacker. The plan for a union of superior British and American forces at Singapore appears to have been completely defeated. And neither Great Britain nor the United States can provide immediate reinforcement. The comparatively numerous cruisers, destroyers, and submarines of American, Dutch, and British nationality in the western Pacific should be capable of doing considerable damage, and the Allied troops already in position may prolong resistance. But an enemy in command of the sea and air and operating on interior lines of communication possesses an important advantage. The clos-

ing of the Burma road, the fall of Singapore, the seizure of British Malaya and the Netherlands Indies, the loss of Guam, the shutting off of American sources of tin, rubber, and tungsten, Japan's access to resources which will help to overcome the deprivations of British and American embargoes—all these disasters are possible if not probable in the near future.

What of the Philippines? A year ago there would have been little doubt of their fall to an attacker, but in the last twelve months the naval, air, and military forces have been considerably strengthened. Probably 150,000 troops of varying degrees of training, equipment, and efficiency are available there at the present time. Cavite and Manila are well fortified, but other parts of the islands are extremely vulnerable and offer many possible landing places. The twenty-four big patrol bombers stationed in the Philippines lack the radius to bomb Japan and return without the use of the Russian base at Vladivostok as a refueling point. The local defensive air force is inferior to that of Japan. In other words, the Philippine Islands offer a first-rate obstacle to Japan which, because it flanks the line of communications to the south, must be taken, but if the Japanese are given a little time and are willing to risk large losses in a major effort, both justified assumptions, the Philippines are very likely to fall into their hands.

It does not appear probable that the United States will send a fleet to the Far East at the present time. Such a force would have to leave behind it its cripples and its needed reinforcements from the Atlantic. A review of the Russian defeat in 1904-05, when a more powerful navy was completely destroyed a fleet at a time, will check any tendency to send the fleet in detachments, each one weaker than a Japanese force it might encounter. The Battle of the Atlantic, in which Britain was being defeated before American aid was given, must also be a factor in our strategic calculations. Dreadnoughts, to be sure, are not the most important factor in this struggle and can be transferred to the Pacific, but the destroyer complement essential to shield them from attack is indispensable to the defeat of the submarine.

If the United States is forced to leave the initiative to the enemy for the next few months, it has still many possibilities for action while awaiting the repair of crippled vessels and the early completion of four new 35,000-ton battleships, sisters of the North Carolina. The best defense is a vigorous offensive, and Japanese raids will be less effective if Japan is kept busy repelling American attacks. The most direct route through the central Pacific to the Far East is through the islands of the Marshall, Caroline, Ladrone, and Bonin groups. The larger of these have been made into bases for Japanese submarines and bombers and refueling points for larger warships. Until they are captured, our ships farther east will be in constant danger of harassment from Japa-

nese light forces. We should immediately set about the elimination of these hornets' nests. With a full-fledged campaign in the south on its hands, it is doubtful that Japan can spare much force for use in the central Pacific, and by taking these islets one by one we shall bring ever closer the day when navigation of our fleet through the western Pacific will be comparatively safe and bombing of Japanese cities from island bases entirely feasible.

The elimination of Japanese fishing boats from the northern Pacific is another desideratum and hardly a minor one in view of the dependence of the Japanese upon fish as a major article of diet. Coast-guard cutters and destroyers, possibly with seaplane support, are indicated for the job.

American submarines can get busy at once. We have at least eighteen stationed in the Far East, and the British and Dutch have at least as many. Those in Hawaiian waters can be quickly reinforced from San Diego and the Canal Zone and, if necessary, from the North Atlantic. All our newer submersibles are amply able to cruise deep into Japanese waters from their Hawaiian base. These boats enjoy an immense advantage over Japanese submarines in being based closer to their targets. At best only about one-seventh of the radius of Japanese submarines can be expended along the Pacific Coast; the rest must be used coming and going. Every submarine in our force of more than 100 may be employed in Japanese waters more effectively than any of Japan's 40 largest boats along our Pacific Coast.

For the disastrous raiding activities carried on from Japanese plane carriers we have a more than adequate answer. Our own carriers are larger, faster, better protected, and more commodious. The biggest Japanese carrier, the 27,000-ton Kaga, carries only sixty planes, while our own Ranger, half the size, carries seventy-two, plus spares. Ships designed as carriers take time to build, but merchantmen of the requisite type may be altered for the purpose in a few months. At least seven merchantmen are being converted at the present time. These vessels, like our submarines, can be based much closer to the objects of attack than can the Japanese carriers.

And what a difference in the objects themselves! The four American cities of industrial importance on the Pacific Coast—Los Angeles and San Diego with their airplane plants and San Francisco and Seattle with their shipyards—are 5,000 miles from Japan and are partially safeguarded by a chain of distant island bases which force every approaching ship to run the risk of detection and destruction. Japan has no such screen against enemies approaching from the north or east, and virtually every Japanese city of industrial importance is open to heavy attack. Tokyo, with its seven million human beings living in close-packed paper and matchwood houses; Osaka, an industrial center comparable to Chicago; Nagoya, Kyoto, and Kobe, larger than Boston or St. Louis,

to say nothing of a score of other industrial towns, are either on the coast or close to it. Observers report that these cities are lacking in air-raid protection and equipment for handling large fires. Raids by our big bombers operating from carriers, or better yet a combination of carriers and heavy cruisers, should be able to do tremendous military and industrial damage.

The virtual isolation of Japan in the Far East all but does away with any trade to be preyed on by American cruisers. But by sending expeditionary forces to the south the Japanese have greatly lengthened their lines of communication. Pressure by cruisers should force them to use dreadnought or plane-carrier escorts for their convoys and so keep these units from offensives elsewhere.

The American people have been so long accustomed to regarding a war with Japan as suicidal for their

opponent that the reality of swift defeat came as a great shock. Too much weight has been given to Japan's economic weakness; too little to its military potentialities and the difficulty for us of carrying on a war over an immense area of ocean. But our early defeats should not lead us to regard the Japanese as invincible. The results of a mere raid, though an enormously large and successful one, should not cause any let-up in American activities in the Far East, where Japan must be beaten. By the raids and the war of attrition to which we may at first be confined, later by the major fleet movements which should bring a decision, we shall force the Pacific War farther and farther from our shores and toward Japan's. Our naval and air forces will most truly be defending the United States when they are putting the Japanese on the defensive.

Japan on the Eve

BY JOHN SCOTT

FIVE months ago I stayed for several weeks at a little hotel in Kamakura near Tokyo. More than half the guests were German. Some were on their way from America to Germany via the Far East and had been cut off by the Soviet-German war. Others had been evacuated from the Dutch East Indies. But most of them were just Germans in Japan. They had no jobs, yet were always busy. They grumbled continually about the bad quality and insufficient quantity of the food they received.

"The Japanese are a little dumb, but they are not bad people," said the tall, authoritative, middle-aged German who had told me he was "just a tourist" in Japan, but mentioned that he saw the German Ambassador, Eugen Ott, almost daily and "got around" in Japanese financial and governmental circles. We had a drink of horrible Japanese whiskey together in the lobby of the Imperial Hotel. The German "tourist" was very much interested in hearing what I had to say about Russia.

After answering numerous questions on conditions in the Soviet Union, I asked my German acquaintance whether it seemed to him to be to the interest of the *Vaterland* that Japan should go to war with either the Soviet Union or the United States. His answer was an unequivocal negative. "We are dealing with the Russians quite satisfactorily without Japanese aid," he said; "besides, if our little yellow friends take Vladivostok they will not want to give it to us as a naval base. As for a Japanese war with the United States, that would get us nowhere either. The Japanese navy would be destroyed or seriously damaged within a few months, and we should have lost our most important Far Eastern ally and

our only friend equipped with a reasonably large navy."

We tried to get a second whiskey, but it was already 10:15, and after ten o'clock no drinks are served anywhere in Japan. This and many other restrictions were imposed on the Japanese people by governmental decree in order to economize their energies and resources. By eleven o'clock at night Tokyo was dead, and if one happened to take a walk after midnight one invariably saw minor troop movements or anti-aircraft guns rolling through the streets bound for some strategic square or building. Police squads patrolled the streets, and any civilians still abroad had to give an account of themselves.

The remarks of my acquaintance, the authoritative and responsible German "tourist," represented, I think, the official attitude of the German embassy and the German government toward Japan during the past summer.

In subsequent months, however, fundamental changes occurred in Germany's position. Far from collapsing, the Red Army continued to engage almost all of Hitler's armed forces, and those gains which the Germans achieved cost them fantastically dear in men and materials. By the end of November the Soviet-German front seemed to be stabilizing. The Russian armies were very much in the field and showed no signs of weakness or exhaustion, while the German armies were engaged up to the hilt and had gained nothing of decisive military or political importance. At the same time American aid in increasing quantities was arriving in Britain and Russia. This would not do. A year or two of this and

Germany would collapse as it did in 1918, perhaps with its armies still undefeated on foreign territory.

A negotiated peace with Stalin was one possibility. I have been told on good authority that during November official hints to this effect were dropped by the Germans, but that the Russians refused to have anything to do with the idea. The Russians are fighting-mad, and it seems certain that neither Stalin nor any other Russian leader would negotiate with Germany while the Red Army was still in being.

The second possibility was the enlistment of Japan's aid in attaining two ends: first, to crush the Soviet Union in a pincers movement with the aid of a Japanese attack in the Far East; second, to occupy the American navy and the American military-production machine completely for several months, during which time, with luck, Hitler hoped he would be able to take the Caucasus and Moscow and get his New Order in Europe functioning as an economic unit, while oiling up his own squeaking industrial and military machine with Baku petroleum. Such a policy would obviously lead to the destruction of Japan within a few months, but Hitler had no choice. He had to break the Russian deadlock.

It seems clear that Hitler succeeded in persuading the Japanese to do that which seemed to be advantageous not necessarily to them but to the senior Axis partner. German pressure was applied in Tokyo and elsewhere to bring Japan into the war in the interests of Nazi Germany. Thousands of well-trained and competent German "tourists" in Japan went about their job systematically and efficiently. Their task was not too difficult, for they utilized the fanatical younger elements in the army and navy, whose exaggerated patriotism and national egocentricity made them blind to the possibilities of failure in any enterprise they might undertake.

Even during the summer, when I was in Japan, conservative business circles had serious misgivings about the military and naval extremists. A member of the House of Peers invited me out to dinner one evening. We squatted on the woven grass floor, ate artistically prepared herring, and quaffed warm saki while I tried to answer numerous pointed questions about the Soviet-German war and conditions in Russia. Finally we got around to Japan. The three gray-haired, sober Japanese business men present shook their heads and wrinkled their brows. Of course the United States was the greatest obstacle to the realization of Japanese plans. On the other hand, it seemed doubtful whether the pursuance of a stubborn anti-American foreign policy would get Nippon very far.

"We could settle the Chinese affair by retiring our armies. We could put our man-power and our industrial apparatus to work manufacturing textiles, machinery, and other commodities in large quantities. Under present circumstances everything we made could be sold at

high prices all over eastern Asia and even in America. We could come out of this war period the most important manufacturing and export nation in the world, with the possible exception of the United States," said one.

"And we could make millions," remarked another.

Such a program would have involved, however, considerable loss of face by the Japanese military and naval authorities. These fanatics, my hosts assured me, believed so strongly in Japan's ability to defeat any enemy in any possible encounter that they were confident of the successful termination of a war on Britain, the United States, and Russia, as well as China. Furthermore, these admirals and generals were interested in war for the simple reason that it was their profession. If Japan adopted a policy of peaceful trading and international cooperation, then the military and naval groups would lose political authority, perhaps even suffer demotion as the army and navy shrank.

My hosts complained bitterly about the dinner as we ate. There were only six courses; there should have been at least sixteen, they said. But the law stated that no one, not even a member of the House of Peers, could pay more than five yen (\$1.25) for dinner.

After dinner two geisha girls did a dance celebrating Townsend Harris, the first American Minister to Japan. I was not able to understand the symbolism of the dance, but gathered from my hosts that it held up Townsend Harris as a great friend of the Japanese and as a man who should be respected and emulated by the people. My hosts proceeded to tell me of Harris's achievements, and I realized for the first time that among many persons of the educated classes in Japan the United States is a friend rather than a competitor or an enemy. Many Japanese are grateful to those who brought them the achievements of modern science, who taught them to build railroads, hospitals, power stations, modern cities. I am sure that, even granted the intense patriotism of all Japanese, the military authorities will have increasing difficulty in persuading the people that war with the United States is necessary and justified.

In August of this year rice was rationed all over Japan, as were most other food products. It was impossible to obtain a good woolen suit, almost any object made of steel or iron, machinery of any kind, including typewriters. Japan was suffering from a serious shortage not only of imported manufactured products but of commodities habitually manufactured in Japan from imported raw materials. The situation will now become much worse rapidly. Whereas in August a few automobiles still circulated on the streets of Tokyo and other Japanese cities, the country will now experience a catastrophic shortage of gasoline almost immediately. Unless Japanese forces can seize the oil fields of Thailand and the Dutch East Indies and maintain communications with these places, they will run out of oil completely within a few

months. Not only will this mean that their planes and destroyers will be unable to function freely, but shortages of lubricants will slow down the entire Japanese plant.

In Moscow the Domei correspondent lived in the same house with me. He was a well-educated, friendly fellow who had been a war correspondent with the Japanese army in China for several years. He told me many times that if Japan became involved in a serious war, unexpected things would take place in Tokyo, Osaka, Yokohama, and other large Japanese cities, and also in the Japanese countryside. "The Communist Party of Japan is a great deal stronger than most people realize," he told me. "A war against the Soviet Union particularly would bring about serious trouble in Japan."

I have no concrete information about the Communist Party or other minority groups in Japan. I do know, however, that the people are underfed, badly clothed, and overworked. It seems probable that as the pinch is felt more severely, as American and perhaps Russian bombs fall on Japanese cities, large elements of the population will refuse to obey the orders of the military and naval authorities and will precipitate serious political difficulties within the country. This will almost certainly happen if the Japanese armed forces suffer resounding defeats in one or more places. It is therefore necessary for us to take the initiative as soon as possible and prevent the Japanese from winning any victories which they can hold up to their people as justification for the war and encouragement for its continuation.

Reveille in the Northwest

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Portland, Ore., December 10

AS THESE words are written, the Pacific Northwest is experiencing its first invasion scare since Fifty-four Forty or Fight. The region is blacked out from Puget Sound to the Siskiyou Mountains. There are no lights even in Boise, where William E. Borah lived. Radio stations have been off the air for sixteen hours. Extra guards have been placed at Bonneville Dam, far back in the high Cascades. Enemy aircraft carriers are feared off the mouth of the Columbia River. Japanese bombers, according to British Columbia officials, may be menacing the new United States bases at Dutch Harbor and Kodiak in Alaska's Aleutian Islands. Unidentified planes have been sighted beyond the Golden Gate.

It is still not known whether the reports are founded on rumors or truth. The important fact is that men and women whose Congressional representatives less than a month ago voted overwhelmingly against repeal of the Neutrality Act are now prepared to believe such reports implicitly. Since Honolulu was bombed and a freighter loaded with lumber was sunk 1,300 miles off the West Coast, there has been no scoffing here at any report, regardless of its origin or likelihood. Test blackouts in the Northwest on Halloween were treated pretty cavalierly, but last night store windows in Seattle which did not dim were smashed by irate citizens.

Thousands of people in this region—and in all candor the present writer must number himself among them—had felt that military attack on the Columbia River Basin was out of the question. Newspapers questioned the wisdom of investing large sums in coast defenses. So staunch a New Dealer and personal friend of the President as

Representative John Coffee of Tacoma opposed repeal of the Neutrality Act. Of the Northwest's twenty-one Congressmen, fourteen took a similar stand. Included among them were such Administration adherents on domestic policy as Representative Knute Hill of Washington, sponsor of Secretary Ickes's Bonneville Dam bill, and Representative Compton I. White of Idaho, New Deal spokesman on reclamation matters. In fact, during the summer the delegation from the Northwest decided sixteen to five against extending the draft.

This morning a prominent and somewhat shaken Republican politician said to me, "If ever a man has been vindicated in a region, it is the President in the Pacific Northwest. Some of his strongest backers here were skeptical of his warnings about danger from abroad. Men like Coffee and Senator McNary, who admire the President intensely, believed he was exaggerating. And I think most people here were inclined to feel that way. Germany is 6,000 miles off, and everyone imagined Japan would never dare assault America. Well, the President was right and most of us were wrong. That's about all we can say now, isn't it?"

A friend of mine was fishing in the mountains over the last week-end when the Japanese struck. He said it was like returning to a different world. People who had pooh-poohed any hint of peril on Saturday kept their children home from school on Monday. The Northwest cherishes the memory of Senator Harry Lane, who with George W. Norris voted against war in 1917, but resentment against Jeannette Rankin will never allow her to go back to Congress from Butte. This time there is no doubt. Had we declared war because Thailand was in-

vaded, the Northwest might very conceivably have been divided. Now it is taken for granted here that by her vote Miss Rankin signified her intention not to run for reelection.

It is one of the ironies of a grim situation that Miss Rankin had been backed by many supporters of the President's foreign policy. She was entered in the Republican primaries in Montana last year to eliminate Congressman Jacob Thorkelson, who had been clogging the *Congressional Record* with anti-Semitic, pro-Nazi speeches. Dignified and pleasant, Miss Rankin proved a desirable contrast to Thorkelson's growling. Her backers were aware of her almost congenital opposition to war, but they did not believe she would behave as unrealistically as she did when the House voted on Monday. There are few groups she could represent less well than Butte's brawny copper miners. And the Japanese have never been popular in the Northwest. Indeed, long before the "dastardly attack" housewives and ministers and labor-union members in Portland and Seattle were picketing cargoes of scrap iron consigned to our present assailants.

Despite this unquestionable sentiment, no demonstrations against Japanese residents have occurred. Governor Culbert L. Olson of California asked for tolerance in the state with the largest Japanese population. John Boettiger, the President's son-in-law, wrote in the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, "Many of the Japanese in America are as loyal as any white Americans, and it would serve only evil purposes to cause them to suffer. Those few Japanese who will side with the mother-country must be ferreted out so they will do no harm, and it is our thought that the loyal Japanese-Americans themselves will be the first to help in this connection."

From the Continental Divide to the mouth of the Columbia River, people in the Northwest are looking toward Alaska. Next to alarm over damage sustained by the fleet at Hawaii, people in the region are worried about our outposts in the Arctic. The Aleutians extend nearly to the international date line, and our naval base at Dutch Harbor is only 1,400 miles from Japan. Most persons wish fervently that the highway connecting Alaska with Puget Sound had been completed. Today the road dwindles into a rutted path at Hazelton in the British Columbia fastnesses. Thus the only links with our northern ramparts are by sea and air, one too slow and now subject to torpedo attack, the other incapable of transferring heavy equipment. Congressman Warren G. Magnuson of Seattle emphasizes that the highway could be completed for \$23,000,000.

The Governor of Alaska at this critical moment in the territory's history is an old acquaintance of readers of *The Nation*. He is Ernest H. Gruening, managing editor of the *The Nation* from 1920 to 1923 and one of its board of editors in 1933 and 1934. In a way the ugly developments of the last few days have vindicated

him, too. Twelve months ago he asked the territorial legislature to do its part in a "fateful hour" by appropriating funds for armories to house the National Guard companies in Alaska. A minority of members blocked this proposal with tricky parliamentary maneuvers. Governor Gruening went before the people after the session had adjourned and maintained that the measure had been "savagely fought by the gold and cannery lobby, whose policy, frankly declared, was 'not a cent of expenditure by the territory for the territory that we can prevent.'" Now Alaska needs all the armories and other defense bastions that it can get, and the Governor has the solid backing of the territory's inhabitants.

All the way from Alaska to San Diego the labor situation appears vastly improved. The day before the Japanese blow a reassuring incident occurred. In a referendum by secret ballot the C. I. O. International Woodworkers of America, the biggest labor union west of the Rockies, ousted from positions of leadership O. M. (Mickey) Orton and all his confederates. It was Orton who fomented the wildcat strike that tied up lumber production along Puget Sound in the spring. The new president of the union that cuts the bulk of the nation's timber is thirty-five-year-old Worth Lowery, who has always been for President Roosevelt. Neither he nor the other incoming officials are shackled, as was the Orton crowd, to the prevailing ideology of the Communist Party. Three separate by-laws to bar Communists, Fascists, and Nazis from membership in the Woodworkers' Union were adopted by these votes: to ban Communists—yes, 13,231, no, 6,243; to ban Fascists—yes, 14,994, no, 4,167; to ban Nazis—yes, 15,078, no, 4,143.

There is nothing grudging about the support which labor on the Pacific seaboard is giving to the war effort. Before Congress made the existence of hostilities official, A. F. of L. sawmill workers voted spontaneously to forgo new wage demands. At the same time this wholehearted cooperation imposes an obligation on the Administration to grant labor a full voice in future plans. Frequently in the past the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. have been given one man each on defense councils that were loaded with industrialists, and then it has been claimed that labor was represented. "That kind of representation," observed an A. F. of L. organizer, "reminds me of the old story about horse-and-rabbit stew—one horse and one rabbit. The President is going to get 100 per cent cooperation from labor, and we hope labor will have a real share in plans for increasing production."

One of the genuine jobs confronting the government is to put liberals and New Dealers in positions of responsibility in local defense programs. The President says the war will be long and hard, and it will do no harm for labor, pension, and farm groups to know that advocates of their cause are playing a conspicuous part in the great undertaking. Oregon has led many defense-

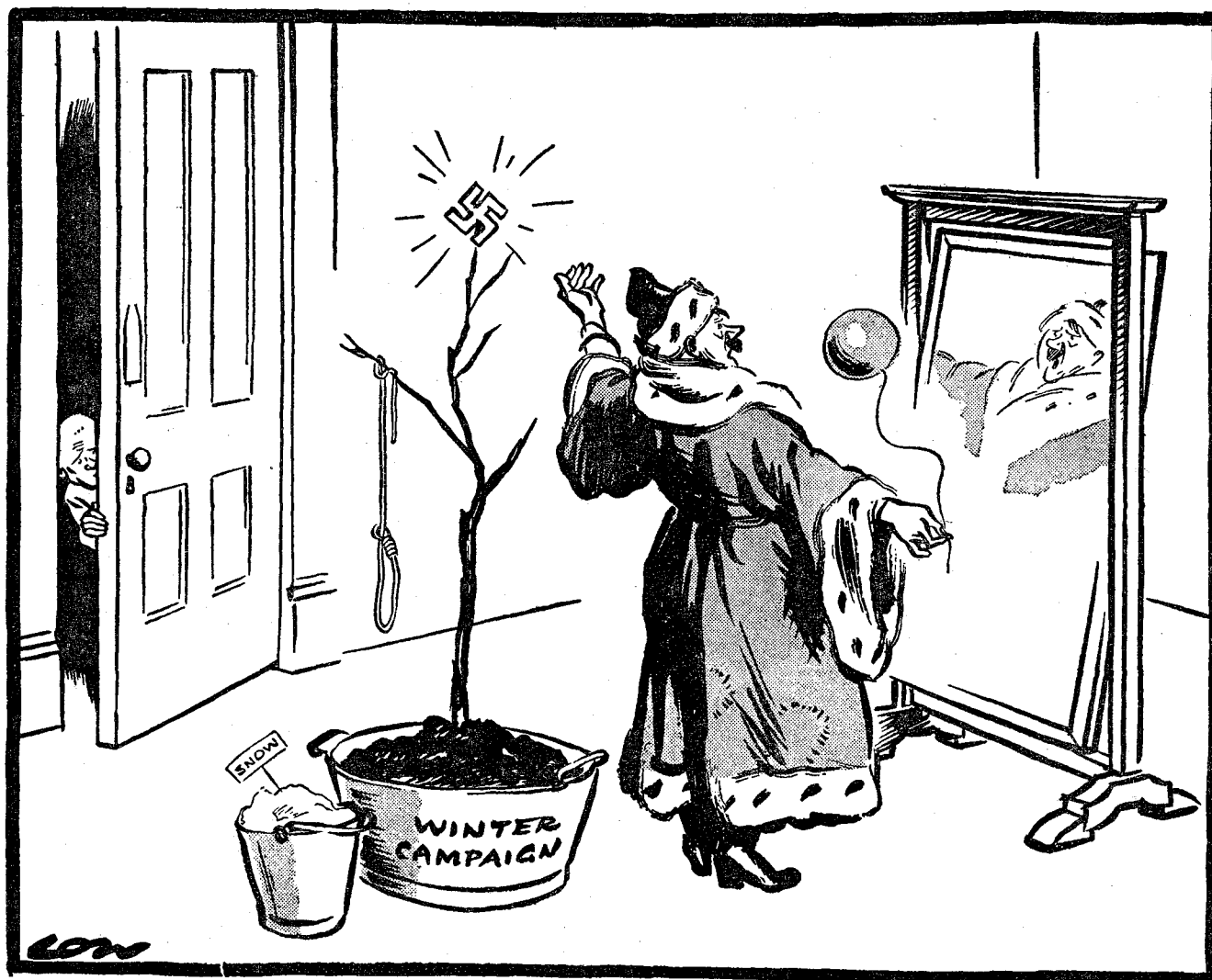
savings-bonds sales, and one reason is that labor and agriculture have been given full representation on virtually all county committees. But there is a tendency in certain other activities to select only prominent citizens for duties of importance. Very often the prominence has been achieved by denouncing the President and members of his Cabinet.

In 1939 the Oregon legislature killed a resolution asking for an embargo on shipments of war material to Japan. I have just looked over the vote. The resolution was supported by the New Dealers and spokesmen for labor. It was beaten by the reactionaries. Yet all over the Northwest I know faithful supporters of the President, veteran Democrats as well as New Dealers, who have not been intrusted with any kind of leadership in the defense effort. The Northwest Public Power League, at a Tacoma meeting addressed by Secretary Ickes, adopted a resolution asserting that OPM offices in the region were staffed by officials of private utility companies. The league charged that the foremost OPM executives in Seattle were associated with the Puget Sound Power and Light Company.

Rural-electrification cooperatives as far apart as Illinois, Kansas, and Oregon have protested that the OPM

is allowing private utilities to build transmission lines while denying copper to cooperative units. For example, Congressman Frank Carlson, a Kansas farm Republican, has put in the *Record* a complaint from a cooperative in his district alleging that the OPM "is granting preference ratings to private utilities while such ratings are seemingly not available for farm cooperatives." These accusations may or may not be true, but they are certain to crop up unless all groups are given adequate voice in an enterprise as comprehensive and important as the defense program. In the laudable effort of bringing his political enemies into the all-out endeavor to beat the Axis Mr. Roosevelt must not totally overlook his friends.

The Pacific Northwest, the section of continental United States which juts closest to the Orient, is enlisted for the duration. A lot of us may have been asleep for a long time, but the bombs that crashed in Pearl Harbor were a loud alarm clock. I listened last night to the President's talk with a group of college students in a little hinterland town in the Willamette valley. Afterward a girl from an Oregon ranch remarked, "Maybe it was for the best the way the Japanese began it. We are all together now, and that ought to be worth a couple of battleships."



REHEARSAL FOR CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY

Continued Story

BY IDA TREAT

IT SEEMED utterly mad that this should be Paris. I was back again in the marble house on the Tiergarten—Freda whispering on the stairs, "Sh-h, Mutti's heart," and from the room above the invalid's voice: "Are the children home? Are they safe?" The darkened living-room where talk swirled on in undertones—"taken at his house this morning"—"disappeared"—"no one knows"—and Freda's father listening, with twitching, blue-veined hands. "Go? This is our home. Go where?" I was back in Potsdam, with weeping, applauding crowds saluting the resurrection of the old uniforms; in Wedding and Neuköln—Brown-shirts hunting in packs through the streets.

In Berlin, 1933, all the hush had been behind closed doors. In Paris, 1940, it was outside—in the still December cold of the blacked-out streets. Now and then we heard the roar of a German army truck thudding down the boulevard. Paris, still intact, was in ruins. We sat among the ruins, quietly discussing, after dinner, whether M. Lévy de Tours should commit suicide.

M. Lévy de Tours was scarcely a friend. Our orbits lay too far apart. He spun at the top, glittering with the prestige of position, family, and wealth. M. Lévy de Tours was a Jew—*mais si peu*, people said. His family had been in France for five centuries. Lévy de Tours women had married great names of France. He was a Frenchman. He took his patriotism so seriously that he had never exported his capital, not even during the days when others—"authentic" Frenchmen—were shipping theirs to Basel, London, and Buenos Aires. All his holdings were concentrated in France, in Paris. That had brought him where he was.

I had met M. Lévy de Tours half a dozen times. He had the subdued elegance of his circle. Faultlessly groomed, middle-aged and slight but with the wiry fitness of a man who goes in for sport, he might easily have passed for an Englishman. But for his name I should probably never have taken him for a Jew. Knowing, I looked for traces and fancied I found them—an intonation, a gesture, a concealed sparkle, a warmer dynamism. Women liked him; I could understand why. He had a Frenchman's flattering concentration on any woman he spoke with. His taste in women, rumor said, was like his taste for Chinese porcelain. He did not look a day over fifty. It came to me with a shock that he must be older. I caught myself looking at his hands. They were infinitely older than his face. They were like the hands of Freda's father.

M. Lévy de Tours, like his circle, was a conservative in politics and finance. He belonged to the old-school banking group that had always been scornful of post-war speculators, the parvenus of finance. His bank was reputed as solid—and as cautious—as the Banque de France. But men with ideas for developing home resources, in France or in the colonies, always knew where to find capital on easy terms. M. Lévy de Tours welcomed ideas that dealt with France and its future. More than once he had advanced large sums on no more security than a man's word. On such occasions he would say bluntly: "*Bon*, if it's a loss, it's a loss. *Mettons une croix*." Of course he could afford the loss. But other men who could have afforded it were less generous. He was no speculator but a builder, his friends said. And M. Lévy de Tours had many friends.

What had become of them, I wondered that December night as we sat in the icy living-room, crowding about the electric heater which gave a pale warmth to our toes. Philippe was there—Philippe owed a lot of things to M. Lévy de Tours. When Philippe announced he was bringing M. Lévy de Tours to dinner, Philippe's wife said he might have consulted her beforehand. No linen, no silver—the flat was stripped; everything had been sent south months before the Germans came. M. Lévy de Tours's house was stripped also, Philippe said grimly. The Germans had smashed his Chinese "blues" and slit up the family portraits, just to make a thorough job of it.

"Whatever can we give him to eat? A man who has one of the best cooks in Paris."

Philippe caught her up. "As if he could still pay a cook. My God, Germaine, the man's ruined. They've cleaned him out, taken over his bank, his *titres* and *actions*, everything. Every company he's been connected with has thrown him out. Who wants to be listed as a Jewish concern?"

"Even your company?" Germaine inquired sharply.

Philippe shrugged. "It's *sauf qui peut* for all of us. We cannot save his fortune, but we might save the man—smuggle him out to the south, perhaps to America. If he'll go." He tugged savagely at his mustache. "I've been at him all afternoon. He's turned obstinate. Says it would be running away. In a week it may be too late. He won't realize he's lost. Sits there alone in his gutted house—"

"Like Job," said Germaine. "We are to be the comforters. Bring him. We have the tin of salmon."

M. Lévy de Tours came by the *Métro* and was half an hour late; he had taken the wrong transfer at the

Etoile. He had not traveled by the *Métro* in years. He brought with him a glass jug of marvelous old Beaune, decanted with his own hands; the Germans had overlooked a few bottles. He was very fussy about setting it at a proper distance from the little radiator and turning it about so as to bring it to the proper temperature. The wine was the high spot of the dinner, though it was a dinner such as we had not had in weeks. To the soup of carrots and turnips Germaine had recklessly added our last onion. A treasured tin of condensed milk went to make a *béchamel* for the salmon, and with a sprinkling of bread crumbs had made a respectable *gratin*. There was no salad for lack of oil, but Philippe had taken all our month's cheese tickets to the *crémèrie* and bought what he called an "almost Camembert." We substituted Calvados for coffee. None of us were in a mood for roasted barley.

M. Lévy de Tours ate his share of salmon with apparent relish and complimented the cooks. But the cheese he refused—it cut like fresh plaster. "They sold you on that one, my boy," he said to Philippe, waving away the plate. Thanks to the Beaune, the dinner was almost gay. M. Lévy de Tours helped carry out the plates and folded up the card table we had eaten on—he always liked Bohemia, he said. We poured out the Calvados and drew our armchairs close about the heater, relaxed and warm. Germaine and I threw back the blankets Philippe had tucked about us while we ate, and I was thinking how little M. Lévy de Tours looked like Job, in his marvelously tailored suit with the discreet red thread of the Legion of Honor on its lapel, when he drew a letter from his pocket, unfolded it, and handed it to Philippe.

Philippe glanced through the letter, frowned, and with a "May I?" to M. Lévy de Tours, handed it to me. It was an official letter from a minister in Vichy acknowledging the gift to his government of M. Lévy de Tours's big villa on the Mediterranean. Merely a dry acknowledgment, not a word of thanks. The signer of the letter had often been a guest at the country house on the Riviera.

"It would have cost him nothing to say thank you," said Philippe.

M. Lévy de Tours gave ever the slightest shrug of his tailored shoulders. "The property would have come to them eventually—" He broke off.

"Then why, *diable*, did you do it?"

M. Lévy de Tours shrugged again and spoke lightly, "*Finir en beauté*."

In the uncomfortable silence that followed I noticed what old hands he had. They lay on the chair arms, the knotted veins in high relief, the fingertips twitching.

Philippe uncrossed his knees and leaned forward. "What is it you intend to do?"

"Nothing. Wait."

"Wait? Things can only grow worse. Wait for what?"

"For nothing."

There was an edge to his laugh. I remembered Freda's father, the brown pack hunting through the Berlin streets.

"Don't you understand. They stop at nothing."

M. Lévy de Tours lifted his hand. "*Rassurez-vous, Madame*. None of these gentlemen in brown, or black and silver, will ever put me into their concentration camps."

We did not miss the implication.

"My dear friend," broke in Philippe hastily, "this is nonsense. A man of your ability—we must get you out of Paris. It can be done."

M. Lévy de Tours shook his head. "I have no desire to leave. France means as much to me as it does to you. Or do you, too, think it preposterous that I should consider myself a Frenchman?"

Philippe frowned. "Many who have loved France have had to leave. We'll get you to America."

"America? And then what?"

"You can begin again," Germaine said brightly. "There are so many chances in America."

I winced at that, but M. Lévy de Tours spoke calmly. "You forget, I am no longer a young man. I do not mind admitting it—now; I will admit sixty—and a little more. Not so many springs left at that age. Besides, what guaranty have I that America, too, may not invite me to move on, begin again—where?"

He turned to me, the American.

"You go back to New York, Madame, after twenty years—I apologize for France, who has forgotten her hospitality. I consider I still have the right to speak for her." His voice dropped a tone. "You may not have a cent in your pockets. Maybe all you own is an emigrant's bundle, but I do not pity you. You cannot be poor when you carry your tools with you, here." He tapped his forehead. "You are luckier than I. Every carpenter, steamfitter, even the cobbler on the corner, is luckier than I am. I had only one tool. It was my lever, my power-house of energy. With it I could build, create, see things come into being, grow, bear fruit—the one thing in life I cared for. I have never loved money for itself, or for what it could buy. I loved it for what it could do. Money was my tool. Now it is gone. I am no better than a *manchot*. Begin again? Forge a new tool? I am too old." His voice trailed off into silence.

"But that is admitting defeat. That is suicide!" Philippe almost shouted.

M. Lévy de Tours lifted his fingertips, let them sink again. "*Parfaitement*."

So there we were at last. Should M. Lévy de Tours commit suicide? Was there any valid reason why he should not? "Fight against all this, just for the sake of existing—a little longer? *A quoi bon?*" We argued

quietly, and all the while I was thinking we were like friends at a death bed, playing a game of hope. "You are so much better today. Tomorrow you will be sitting up. And next week—" The more we talked, the more insincere we sounded. We were spectators. It was only M. Lévy de Tours who was dying.

Our talk reached no conclusion. When the time came for M. Lévy de Tours to leave, Philippe had to hustle him off abruptly so as not to miss the last *Métro*. For him to cross the city on foot after the curfew would risk his being picked up by the Brown patrol. He kissed Germaine's hand and mine with all his old elegance, thanked us for the charming evening, and—still holding Germaine's fingertips—spoke his appreciation for our concern over the fate of "*un vieux Juif*." He smiled as he said it, but Germaine did not like it at all. It was—well, it was distasteful, a *manque de goût*, she said afterward. Philippe was not so sure.

"It ought not to be an epithet," he said thoughtfully.

In the Wind

Footnotes to the First Confusion

A STATEMENT by the Honorable Lee Patrick, Representative from Alabama: "Japan is never satisfied. First she goes after Siam and now she's attacking Thailand."

A STATEMENT by the Honorable Hamilton Fish, Representative from New York: "I shall at the proper time volunteer my services as an officer in a combat division, as I did in the last war, preferably with colored troops. There is no sacrifice too great that I will not make in defense of America and to help annihilate these war-mad Japanese devils."

RESIDENTS OF HAWAII did their Christmas mailing early this year. A greeting card dated Honolulu, November 18, and received in New York after war broke out bore this message: "We are urged—warned—to use this steamer—or else."

A NEW YORK WRITER asked Colonel Donovan's office (Coordinator of Information) for further facts about a story that appeared prominently on the first page of the *Times*. A day later one of the office researchers called back; "We've just located that story," he said; "you'll find it on page 1 of yesterday's New York *Times*."

A POLICEMAN STOPPED a bus and told the passengers to take shelter. The passengers ignored his order. "Get out or I'll shoot," he said. No one budged, and the policeman did not shoot.

HEADLINE IN the *Free American*, organ of the German-American Bund: "Our Country Right or Wrong—If Invaded."

A WELL-KNOWN New York attorney who telephoned a big shot in the FBI last week seeking advice about the position of his Japanese man-servant was taken aback when the official asked: "Is the man naturalized?" The fact that under the law Japanese cannot become citizens was, it appears, news to at least one of Edgar B. Hoover's famous sleuths.

THE AIR-RAID PROTECTION system is short of funds; Mayor LaGuardia will have to appeal to Congress for money to carry out the first blackout tests.

DURING THE FIRST air-raid alarm the New York City authorities said that one of the main rules was to stay off the streets. City officials cleared the schools of children during the alarm and sent them—into the streets.

YOUTH FOR DEMOCRACY is the new name of the Youth Committee Against War. . . . The "No A. E. F. Dinner" of the Keep America Out of War Congress became the "Bill of Rights Dinner."

ON THE MORNING that Japan bombed Pearl Harbor the New York *Herald Tribune* carried a letter from William Rhodes Castle headed, "Why War with Japan?" "Everyone talks," wrote Castle, "of the possibility, not to say probability, of war with Japan. . . . Along with this talk of probable war, however, one repeatedly hears the question, 'Why should we go to war with Japan?' To that question I have never heard a reasonable answer."

A JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY was refused passage on a bus in a suburban town in northern New Jersey. The driver said that only Americans could now ride.

THE TRANSPORT WORKERS OF AMERICA now runs crossed American flags above its seal. . . . Mike Gold writes, "For more than ten years Communists have been trying to prepare America for this moment."

THE CHRISTIAN FRONT and the Socialist Workers' Party are still isolationist. The Socialist Party and the Socialist Labor Party will not indulge in anti-war propaganda.

ON DECEMBER 11 the Duke of Wellington, direct descendant of Napoleon's great antagonist, died. The New York *Times* noted that among his privileges was the right to remain in the presence of the King of Spain with his hat on, when there was a King of Spain.

CORRECTION: A typographical error changed the sense of the first paragraph in this column last week. The *Wall Street Journal*, which was quoted, reported that two OPM subcommittee members were "violently attacked" by the OPA (Office of Price Administration). As the story read in *In the Wind*, it appeared that OPM, instead of OPA, made the charges.

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

The Hour of Elation

IT IS not hard to scare me. Say "Boo" and I'll jump. I don't like little unfamiliar noises in the dark. But it is going to take me a long time to be afraid about the essential strength and the essential security of America. Plenty of people have been scared in America. The first people who came to it were timid on a sea reputed to be full of monsters. The little people in the little boats who came slowly to fill its wilderness from one sea to another were frightened in the dark the big trees made and in the disturbing brightness which filled the prairies. They jumped and scurried. At Lexington and Concord the shots heard round the world began a six years' war. Bull Run was the Union's rout, from which Congressmen tumbled still running into Washington. But beyond terror, we have also and always been a people terrible in strength. We still are.

An American really doubtful today about the security of a republic which sprawls across a whole continent, full of half the riches of the world and the richest people in skills and strength on this earth, is not only a rabbit but a silly rabbit. There are some such native rabbits. Some have seen planes in empty skies. A good many of them poured stocks into a market of panic without once wondering where they would put the money they were paid except in the great, sound investment of America. Where is a dollar worth anything except in the destiny of America? Where on this earth is a life worth anything but in that destiny? When could there ever be a better time to be an American than in an hour when an American has the privilege to stand up to the full meaning of that word.

The sailors who manned the clipper ships are not gone. Our farms and cities are full of them. The craftsmen who turned the first wheels crowd the greatest industrial plant on earth. The fighting men did not die with our fathers. Our destiny did not play out when we began to play an arrogant game with dollars. The poor are not new, nor the slanders about them. The big, strong, restless, seeking poor move now as they have always moved. The country boys, the street boys have never been truly caught in dead-end streets or on lanes which just petered out in the pasture. They moved with the destiny of America. Death is not new among us any more than the willingness to die has disappeared. There

are hard hands, hard heads, hearts willing to be tough between our oceans, on ships upon them and on islands, in planes in the old, old sky. Lusty, strong men and women, we are not a rabble but a race. The time has not gone in which we are willing to play with destiny for beers, or to fight in its name for a better world.

There never could have been a time when it was a greater privilege to be an American than now. The twenties are gone with self-indulgence. The thirties have disappeared with self-pity. The forties are here in which Americans stand on a continent as men—men again fighting in the crudest man terms—for ourselves and also for that destination in decency for all men of which our settlement, our spreading, was always a symbol. In an America grown magnificently male again we have a chance to fight for a homeland with the full meaning of homeland as a world that is fit to be the home of man.

Fear at such a time? It is the hour for elation. Here is the time when a man can be what an American means, can fight for what America has always meant—an audacious, adventurous seeking for a decent earth. The gullies in our earth mark not only our waste but our labor. The slums in our cities are where we stumbled when our strongest folk in peacefulness sometimes grew fat. All the weak, bad things are only shadows beside our destiny now.

No people have done so much to light the dark places at home. Sometimes we seemed to build bridges and schoolhouses while other nations built ships and planes. Sometimes we seemed to think of the poor while others thought only of soldiers. That is not loss now. That emphasis in our peace is still the emphasis in our war. That aim at home is the basis of our strength in the world. The American dream for people is still what underlies the irresistible power of our arms. That American dream is a world force now, the force of men whose whole history has been a movement toward the chance of freedom, even if they had to seize it from the wilderness, subdue a continent to secure it. No frontier is shut on that freedom-seeking spirit. Aroused now, we can show a strength which will not only mean terrible war but the possibility of a splendid peace.

We are alive—rudely awakened. That is not basis for fear but sign that our destiny survives. We are men again in America.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Recognition

BY SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

But this child was not of wax.
Life was under the mute skin
And still showed red through the cracks.
It is well known that the children of Spain

Were carved cheaply out of wood,
The children of China but yellow leaves on the wind:
This was an English child that lay in the road.
They told me to weep once more, but I found

No tears, and though the mourners then
Threw stones at me in grief's and God's name
I had no blood to quicken for God or man.
For I remembered how to my childhood had come

Hearsay of Justice. Now, overhead,
Rang the inflexible music of her sword;
Blindfold she went over with sure tread.
I knew, and acknowledged her, and adored.

Miss Millay as Artist

COLLECTED SONNETS OF EDNA ST. VINCENT
MILLAY. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

MISS MILLAY'S public has grown, unfortunately, I think, to include collectors as well as readers; so there is always apt to be some fancy business, now, about her publications. This encourages skeptical criticism, and the fact that the direction of her progress has been from legend to success somewhat confuses discussion of her merit as an artist. If she is not taken quite seriously in this role today, it may be that she was taken too seriously twenty years ago, and that we have, ever since, been making the mistake of entering her in the wrong company, placing her out of her class, over her head, instead of keeping her where she really belonged, with Meredith, say, or as Elizabeth Barrett Browning's naughty younger sister in the parlor, the last of the female Victorians, and in that sense only, the herald of the Coming Woman. In our youth she opened our eyes, if only to the value of a certain shamelessness; she delighted, instructed, informed us; and she has subsequently written stuff that would make us sick if we took it in earnest.

But we are supposed to be discussing her collected sonnets, not her entire career. Fancy considerations aside, Miss Millay is on solid ground in presenting these as the soundest evidence of her valid claims; it is doubtful that she could select from her other poems anything like so high a proportion of

respectable work. A few lyrics might rise above, the rest fall far below, this level of general excellence.

For this state of affairs the sonnet form itself should be credited with an assist. The sonnet is an equivalent, with us, of Latin elegiac verse: stick to that form, if you are a certain kind of writer, and you cannot, very often, go far wrong. The medium affords considerable insurance, protection and opportunity, to the writer who heeds its demands. These demands are not great, nor could they endure tremendous greatness, which needs more room; politely urged, they conduce to grace, elegance, and ease; they restrict the range and concentrate the wit; they permit ear and eye a certain freedom without excessive license; they afford scope for talent and will occasionally suffer genius, but not for long; they reward originality, dash eccentricity, and doom flatness. And Miss Millay, in applying herself to the sonnet, has brought over into it much of the virtue of Latin elegy—the clarity, the point, the balance of sound, the limitation of sense—which she has studied with so much profit and so much affection.

She could always write sonnets. The first one she ever put down, and has included here in her foreword—a nosegay for her worshipers, this souvenir of her *Backfisch* days—reveals her characteristic line, her authentic originality, the genuine merit, and the fatal fault. She has published nearly two hundred sonnets, all characteristic, many good, some fine, one or two god-awful. Of these latter, my own favorite is the one in "Epitaph for the Race of Man," about the dinosaurs:

In punctual season, with the race in mind,
His consort held aside her heavy tail,
And took the seed; and heard the seed confined
Roar in her womb . . .

This strikes me as almost sublime in its superiority both to the canons of sense and taste and to the laws of biology and acoustics; but it would not be fair to rub it in without adding that I have by heart many sonnets which I admire for nobler reasons. At the double risk of exposing my own taste and of cluttering up the review, I might mention half a dozen first lines: "O think not I am faithful to the vow"; "Loving you less than life"; "Euclid alone has looked on Beauty bare" (though I always thought the rhyme on *geese* was something of a flaw); "Upon this marble bust that is not I"; "Sweet sounds, O beautiful music, do not cease"; "Not in a silver casket cool with pearls." Let me add two or three more: "Moon that against the lintel of the west"; "O sleep forever in the Latmian cave"; "See where Capella with her golden kids."

Miss Millay has included in the present collection nearly all her sonnets. She has added two, one in tetrameter, inadvertently omitted from previous collections, as well as the adolescent one quoted in the foreword. She has omitted from "Huntsman, What Quarry?" the short sequence From a Town in a State of Siege and one other; and from "Make

Bright the Arrows" seven of the nine sonnets which conclude the volume. And a good thing, too.

With all these sonnets between the two blue boards (they can also be had, I believe, in limp red leather for an extra two dollars), one turns the pages not only in reminiscence, but to see what can be discovered about Miss Millay's progress in the use and command of the sonnet form. There is nothing startling, one way or the other: no remarkable growth, no perceptible decline. She was very good to begin with; if the emotion has cooled and passion at times is mimicked rather than felt—as, occasionally, in the *Fatal Interview* series—nevertheless, the manner remains original, the contrivance adroit, the epithet nice, the music clear. The prospect of delight is not wanting; approached with moderate expectation, these sonnets return substantial enjoyment. They will not wring your heart or tear the top of your head off; but if you can be content with something less exquisite than anguish, they will afford you very pleasant reading. And if you have bought and read all Miss Millay's other books, and are inclined to think these sonnets are an old story, why, remember (*Hurry hurry, hurry!*), they still might make you a first edition.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

"Learn from Your Enemy"

GERMAN PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE: SURVEY AND BIBLIOGRAPHY. Edited by Ladislav Farago. New York: Committee for National Morale. New Edition. \$2.50.

THIS publication should prove extremely helpful for the American war effort against Germany. It contains a list of more than 500 German books and articles dealing with the psychological problems of modern war, which is total war, and with psychology as a weapon, as well as a comprehensive summary of German views on psychological warfare. A good proportion of the Nazis' successes have been due to the application of psychology, and it is therefore of the utmost importance for us to get acquainted with their methods. "Learn from your enemy" is one of the oldest and best lessons military history teaches us.

An important part of German military literature is devoted to the problem of selecting personnel, and it forces us to recognize that most of our traditional intelligence tests and "scoring" methods are insufficient. Instead, the whole personality should be examined, and factors like "will-power, sustaining power, and readiness to act to the limit of physical capacity" should be taken into account; their importance is as great as that of intelligence and knowledge. Though the German approach to selection by character analysis is sometimes based more upon intuition than upon science, it represents clear progress over outdated and incomplete methods of selection and is apparently rather successful. Military morale, according to the Germans, depends upon a positive attitude toward war and upon hatred of the enemy, both being the result of a passionate belief in a particular political creed. This might not appeal to Americans, and, indeed, an attempt to create in this country a "positive attitude toward war" would hardly prove to be an efficient way to build morale, though we must acknowledge that many of the de-

ficiencies of American morale have their cause in skepticism about those political ideals which alone can be the basis of the struggle against Nazism. Nor can we expect to achieve war-proof soldierly morale so long as the only purpose of our morale-building agencies is to provide "fun for the boys."

Reading of the various German psychological offensive tactics, one asks anxiously what steps have been taken in this country to assure their defeat. The plain fact is that the danger of German total war is not yet fully realized. Perhaps this volume may contribute to the enlightenment of the American public and its political representatives.

However, not all of the picture is black. There are many weak spots in the psychological armor of Germany. Kimball Young has rightly emphasized the "leader-anxiety"—the fear of having one's fate settled by an immediate superior arbitrarily and without appeal. Other defects of the Nazi system are the elimination of the German soldier as a mature political being, the mere emotional justification of rationally unjustifiable war aims, the ethical nihilism, and the mystical beliefs upon which the moral cohesion of the German army chiefly depends. The greatest weakness of the German psychological armor, however, is that the German soldiers are drilled only for victory and for no setback of any kind. As a matter of fact, desertion, retreat, and defeat are, consciously or not, excluded from Army Regulations, and, psychologically at least, no precautions are taken against such possibilities. War must be a fresh and merry affair—that is the main, though certainly unscientific, thesis of German war psychology. The British, with less science although with more common sense, have come to the more valid conclusion that morale must be built up in order to withstand defeat.

STEFAN T. POSSONY

Rilke in the World

RAINER MARIA RILKE. By E. M. Butler. The Macmillan Company. \$4.50.

THE reading of a succession of recent literary biographies, a comparison of their dealings with writers as diverse as Marvell, Landor, Byron, Hardy, and Conrad, and a persistent sense of their failure to relate their subjects' thought and creations to the facts of their lives and characters make the conclusion irresistible that the art of biography, far from being reformed by the artistic, psychological, and scientific accessions of the past quarter-century, has slipped into an inertness of sympathy, a slavery to formulation, and an arrogance of judgment quite as fatal to style or critical results as the Victorian pedantry which the school of Strachey came to anathematize. "In what other age," asked Strachey in derision of Arnold's generation, "would it have been possible for a literary critic to begin an essay on Donne, as Leslie Stephen once did, with the cool observation that, as he was not interested in Donne's poetry, he would merely discuss his biography?" Today we may respond: in what age but our own would Stephen's imputed crime come to seem a sign of positive merit and virtuous reticence in a biographer? If scholars capable of scrupulous research could be counted on to omit that part of a man's life—even if it is the sole basis of his fame—which they have no competence to assess or

interpret, the standing of both history and criticism might be immensely forwarded. The difference between facts and the intelligent use of them would be reaffirmed; critics might in turn respect it; and the long-desiderated collaboration between scholarship and criticism would be brought about not by a resentful surrender of preserves but by a truce. This is not a conclusion at which one arrives willingly; books in the greatest scholarly tradition do not encourage it, and neither do essays like James's on Hawthorne, Gasquet's on Cézanne, Sullivan's on Beethoven, Cecil's on Cowper, Du Bos's on Byron, Warren's on Crashaw, Wilson's on Proust, Dickens, and Kipling, or even occasional popular productions like Hagedorn's on Robinson; but mostly, in current biographies, we are aware of the apparent law of hostilities that makes the amassing of information incompatible with insight into it, historical craftsmanship with tact or judgment, and scholarly industry with that "dim wilderness of theory" and moral justice which taxes the courage and shrewdness of the most strenuous intellect.

Miss Butler is a scholar; not a journalist and not a vulgarizer, but also as certainly not a critic, a trustworthy interpreter, or a student capable of doing what her ambitious book on Rilke strains pretentiously to do—to expound the content of his poetry, to evaluate it, and to sum up his life and work on a judicial basis. She has the assets of persistence and comprehensiveness in her method, but these being inappropriate to seizing the essence of any real poet, they are extravagantly inappropriate in the case of Rilke. He is—Valéry and George hardly excepted—the most extreme case of poetic sensibility and character in this century, the most exhaustive instance of an aesthetic vision and existence. By comparison Mallarmé appears an example of consistent theory and rationality, Yeats of great temperamental variety and extroversion, and Eliot of soberly constructive moral processes. To write on Rilke in any terms but those of his poetic vision, thought, craftsmanship, and *results* is almost equivalent to using Mozart's career for a treatise on economics or Renoir's canvases for exercises in spectrum analysis and physiological optics. Yet Miss Butler's studious, closely documented, and drastically mistaken treatment of Rilke amounts to very much this kind of thing when she applies suburban standards to his personal relations—largely free though she admits them to be of anything more than some emotional disability, great economic innocence, and a certain unsolved psychic ingrowth; when she stresses his insinuating dependence and ingratitude toward his benefactors without making clear his attested charm and kindness or the fact that his benefactors' generosity was a contribution to Rilke's gift to the world, which would hardly have been possible if he had been solely concerned with personal reciprocation; when she makes capital of Rilke's admission that he "skipped the chapter of mankind" by averring that he had no susceptibility to "human beings as such," abused his profession of art to "keep life at bay," had an "ineradicable distaste for life as we know it," and indulged in "not only much private hypocritical patter but also his distorted and magnified ideas about the cosmic functions of art."

The anti-human attitude is foisted on Rilke at the cost of reducing to crudity the hard-won maturity and complex

vision of his later life; his self-criticism and final spiritual affirmations are never freed of the stigma of being "suspect." The intense psychic crisis through which he passed in the years 1910-14 is given little serious weight in assessing his abortive panegyric to arms and nationalism on the outbreak of war. When, finally, Miss Butler concludes her book by making the resoundingly irrelevant charge that "much of Rilke's poetry was altogether free of" the emotions she considers damaging—but without which it is doubtful if the greatest of it could ever have come into existence—and by cornering him, with arguments based on Santayana's naturalistic criticism of the German transcendentalists, as a poet who forced the "real bent of his genius" into "religious channels," thus producing verse whose "dazzling but deluding" quality is "'like a sort of shooting star, with no guaranties of the future,'" the full force of her distortions is clear. To get a proper sense of them will perhaps take more scrutiny than most readers are likely to give to Miss Butler's opening confession that "the subject of this study is still a mystery to me, and one which I shall never fathom," and to her final afterthought, that the real bent of Rilke's genius was "aesthetic." At the first of these admissions her work should have stopped; with the second it might properly have started. It is a pity that they did not serve her as counsels of, respectively, modesty and justice in preparing her material for publication.

Miss Butler's misuse of her opportunity is to be measured by the fact that her book is the first full biography and study of Rilke's poetry to appear in English, that it will have considerable value to students as a digest of his letters, poems, and the mountainous personal and critical exegesis that has appeared in Europe (usefully summarized in Eudo Mason's pamphlet, "Rilke's Apotheosis"), that it brings to public notice Rilke's importance and the artistic movements of which he was a part, and that it contains much useful, carefully determined information on the physical facts of his life—provided this record is detached from Miss Butler's terrier grip on Rilke's erring soul and her graceless liberties in translating his thought and symbols into the crudest personal terms. Miss Butler has a healthy suspicion of the cult-worship and *Schwärmerei* that have fastened on Rilke's fame with something of his own youthful *schöngeistig* morbidity; even if she converts this into a positive hostility toward his visionary power itself and accuses him of harboring a "one-man dream" of the universe, it is well that he should be presented to English readers free of the accumulated annotation and hagiography of Europe. But to lift him over into a crudely naturalist set of values, to detach him from his spiritual sources and references, and to lecture him on his deficiencies as a moralist, bread-winner, and family man is to do a much slighter disservice to Rilke than to the English-speaking world which will look to this book for guidance to the work of a poet—one supreme in his kind in this century.

The book has another point in its favor: it illustrates how a disability in critical insight may humiliate remarkable scholarly capacities. It measures, to those capable of reading the calibrations, the complex and elusive nature of Rilke's genius. But it is doubtful if enough people will be able to appreciate these negative attributes of Miss Butler's work to justify its standing as a substitute for three publications which might better

have taken its place on an American publisher's program: an edition of his poetry—at least as much of it as has been translated in England by Leishman, with the original texts facing the English; a translation of his letters—the best biographical source yet printed; and a serious critical interpretation of his art and thought. Until these appear, Miss Butler's book must be used with strict reservation, even if that reservation cannot be soundly advised without them.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

The Springs Tour

THE SPRINGS OF VIRGINIA: LIFE, LOVE, AND DEATH AT THE WATERS, 1775-1900. By Perceval Reniers. University of North Carolina Press. \$4.

AT CERTAIN seasons of the year you may still read, if you care to, that some survivor of New York's Four Hundred has left for a fortnight at White Sulphur. It sounds vaguely restful and certainly very casual. A hundred years ago there was nothing of either about a visit to the springs.

From the 1830's to the 1890's, with a few years out for the hostilities between the states, everybody who was or aspired to be anybody, from New Orleans to Baltimore, from the rice plantations of South Carolina to the Blue Grass of Kentucky, literally rushed in droves, every August and September, to the springs of Virginia. You did not go only to the White or the Hot or the Sweet or the Warm or the Salt or the Alum. You went to all of them. You tasted the waters, of course, but the real object was to see people. Since everybody was moving on, you had to move on, too, in order to keep up with them.

For some mysterious reason the White was the grand goal to which all aspired. The food, all agreed, was unspeakable, the service almost non-existent, and the accommodations so inadequate that people slept on chairs or on the ballroom floor. And what was infinitely worse, coach houses were so few that the most elegant carriages had often to be left on the front lawn! For those who dared complain the proprietor, Mr. Calwell, had a system. They were not, he politely reminded them, being charged for accommodation. They were his guests. The trifling weekly bill was for the use of the waters only.

In taking the Springs Tour you began and ended at the Warm, for geographical reasons. Two of Mr. Reniers's paragraphs so perfectly convey the flavor of this delightful book that they must be quoted:

The popular thing was to alight at the Warm and then be off again with all possible speed. That would mean overnight and not more than over two nights. When we consider that Colonel Fry's hospitality was among the best at the Springs and that it was by all odds the most amusing, it seems a grateless thing for people to have flown from it as they were accustomed to fly from the cholera.

Their overnight stay was just long enough to see the Colonel cut his pigeonwing in the ballroom and to make a visit to Charley, the colored bartender, in the basement story, where the wine was cooled in a spring and stag horns bristled from the walls. It was just time to sink like a sigh into the soft warm liquid of the pool, just time to inquire what was the news from the White and to get it. It was always bad. The White was jammed, the crowding was dis-

placeful, the food was worse than last year, Major Anderson had grown more supercilious, people were sleeping two on a cot, there were not enough blankets, and unless someone died or was murdered not another soul could get in. This long familiar story put them in a fever to get there with as little delay as possible. If there was a seat to be had in one of the morning coaches, they were away early. If there were no seats they hired a hack.

From the first visit of the young George Washington to the Bath in Berkeley County to the debut of Miss Irene Langhorne at the White, when it was already on the verge of its decline into a luxurious playground for the plutocracy, Mr. Reniers tells the story as though he himself had made the Springs Tour in the great days, or grown up with the tales of families that did. The book contains charming colored illustrations after the water colors of Mr. Latrobe (of Baltimore) and a large number of attractive black and white pictures.

JAMES ORRICK

Fishing Trip

SEA OF CORTEZ. By John Steinbeck and Edward F. Ricketts. The Viking Press. \$5.

IN THE spring of 1940, about the time that the war was passing from phoniness to reality, Mr. Steinbeck and Mr. Ricketts did what practically everybody would like to do at one time or another—as the time-honored phrase has it, they got away from it all. They chartered a seventy-six-foot fishing boat with a crew of four and set out for a six weeks' expedition to the Gulf of California, which was once called by the more romantic name of the Sea of Cortez because the conqueror of Mexico was instrumental in having it discovered and explored. Naturally no American would dare to set out on an expedition like this for the pure fun of it, and so Messrs. Steinbeck and Ricketts also had a scientific purpose—they would collect marine fauna on the gulf's littoral. With becoming modesty, however, the authors confess that their expedition was something of a makeshift. They collected a great many specimens, to be sure, but it would appear that they were less interested in the specimens than in the fun of collecting them.

This book is a leisurely journal of the expedition. The authors maintain a rather curious joint personality; so that it is difficult or impossible to tell when Steinbeck leaves off and when Ricketts begins. There are a few passages that must be almost pure Steinbeck, and a few that are perhaps pure Ricketts, but for the most part the book is written in a combination prose—possibly it would be more exact to say a compromise prose—that throws off few sparks and is hardly adequate to the occasion. The expedition must have been more exciting than this account of it would indicate.

An important contributing reason for the lack of communicated excitement is that the authors have seen fit to drag in a great many Reflections on Life. Thus the reader will be enjoying the chase of *Tethys* the sea-hare when all of a sudden he will find himself becalmed in a soupy discussion of teleology. Most readers, one suspects, will prefer *Tethys* the sea-hare. The book contains a great number of illustrations, both drawings and photographs, and a scientific appendix.

CHARLES CURTIS MUNZ

Sorokin on Culture

THE CRISIS OF OUR AGE. By P. A. Sorokin. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.50.

ACCORDING to Sorokin, three types of culture which he calls "ideational," "idealistic," and "sensate" are constantly displacing each other, or taking their turns in the history of man. These cultures are roughly synonymous with Comte's theological, metaphysical, and scientific ages. But Sorokin defines them much more crudely than Comte. He defines them, in fact, with quite unbelievable crudeness.

The "ideational" culture is a religious one, but it is defined as if all religions were contemptuous of the temporal. We are told that such a culture "spiritualizes everything, regarding even matter as mere appearance of supersensory reality." The "heroes" of this culture are "God and other deities, angels, saints, and sinners, and the soul as well as the mysteries of Creation, Incarnation, Redemption, Crucifixion, and Salvation." The "sensate" culture, on the other hand, "materializes everything, even spiritual phenomena themselves, viewing the latter as mere appearance of material phenomena." The art of the sensate culture is "naturalistic, visual, even illusionistic, free from any supersensory symbolism." Its heroes are "common mortals and in its later stages preeminently subsocial and pathological types." This "sensate" culture is, in other words, the modern naturalistic world view; but it is defined as if its epistemology were always crudely sensationalist and its metaphysics crudely mechanistic.

To make confusion worse confounded Sorokin limits these cultures to very definite historical periods. Our modern "sensate" culture begins with the sixteenth century, and there is not a word in the whole book to suggest that the Reformation also began in the sixteenth century. This chronological interpretation forces him to regard Bach, Shakespeare, Tolstoi, and Dostoevski as exemplars of the "sensate" culture, a fact which persuades him that such a culture is not altogether bad, though no suggestion is given about any inner relation between their art and the horrible superficialities of a sensate culture.

The "idealistic" culture is, incidentally, a golden mean between the other two. It might be imagined that we would cultivate it to prevent the horrible oscillations of history between the other two. But it is defined in only minimal terms, and we are told that Plato and Aristotle exemplify it in the Greek period and Albertus Magnus and Aquinas in the Christian period.

Unlike Comte, Sorokin regards the scientific culture not as the highest but as the lowest. Or rather he sometimes seems to regard it as the lowest and at other times to think it is bad only in its stage of decay. The whole logic of history is determined by the oscillations between these types of culture; and these oscillations are prompted by the fact that no system "comprises the whole truth or is on the other hand entirely false." Evidently we cannot do very much about these oscillations. At the present moment we are involved in the decay of the "sensate" culture, and may look forward to the reemergence of an "ideational" one. This

makes it quite unnecessary to worry about Hitler or Mussolini because there are always wars in a period of cultural decay. There are graphs to prove this point.

The decline of our sensate culture is established in various ways. One way is to enumerate the philosophers of the eighteenth century, which is regarded as the pinnacle of the sensate culture, and then to declare that the philosophers of the nineteenth century were not so "big" as the eighteenth-century giants. But there is not the slightest suggestion of a criterion for measuring "bigness." Incidentally, we are surprised to learn that Kant, Berkeley, and Descartes reach the pinnacle of the sensate culture, as well as Hobbes, Locke, and Hume; and that Hegel and Schelling belong to its decline, as well as Comte, Spencer, and Nietzsche.

All this, in other words, comes very close to being unmitigated bosh. The uninitiated ought to know that the author is chairman of the Department of Sociology at Harvard University, which proves that the decline of a sensate culture manifests itself by "signs and wonders."

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

America and Europe

TWO-WAY PASSAGE. By Louis Adamic. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

LOUIS ADAMIC has written another book about the nationals who comprise the United States, and as usual he handles his subject with passion and brilliancy. In "Two-Way Passage," however, he also presents a blueprint of what Americans, who are ex-Europeans, can and must do to save Europe from annihilation. As an international strategist Mr. Adamic reflects some of the confusion he ascribes to most current American thought on what must be the role of the United States in the war and in the period that will follow.

Adamic is at his best when he portrays immigrant stock through its conflicting loyalties and its resentment or acceptance of externally imposed inferiority. The chapters on the pro-Nazi and pro-fascist activities of the Ukrainians, Italians and Germans, particularly, show his thorough knowledge and understanding of these groups and contain valuable information. Most immigrants and their children, and even *their* children, Adamic points out, are fiercely American, devoted to the American way of life and its inherent democratic philosophy but rightly affected by the fate of their mother countries. This is not hyphenated Americanism, but a deep rooted love that old-stock Americans as well repeatedly demonstrate in their attitude toward England. It is primarily cultural loyalty.

This loyalty and devotion should be utilized in practical ways to interpret democracy and the democratic technique to the home countries of these immigrant Americans. From the United States should come the leadership, and the organization of assistance, to create a democratic, federated United States and Europe. The idea is not wholly new or the procedure involved entirely unknown, but it is restated and revitalized by Adamic, though the blueprint itself may be regarded as a little naive and amateurish by the professional architect

REBECCA HOURWICH REYHER

IN BRIEF

STORM. By George R. Stewart. Random House. \$2.50.

Much more exciting than you would think a novel about the weather could be, "Storm" traces in fascinating detail the twelve-day life span of a low-pressure area (playfully named Maria by a junior meteorologist), and shows in a patchwork pattern of brief glimpses how this atmospheric problem child, born obscurely off the coast of Japan, affects the lives of millions of Americans in the Western states. The telephone lineman who freezes to death in the snows of the Donner Pass recognizes, at least, what hit him, but many a farmer will never even know that the rain, by destroying billions of grasshopper eggs, has prevented a plague six months later. As the weatherman says, "A Chinaman sneezing in Shen-si may set men to shoveling snow in New York City."

KNICKERBOCKER GARDENS. By Caleb Bruce. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.75.

On a very ambitious scale this novel attempts to synthesize the spirit and moods of a typical upper-middle-class metropolitan suburb in the decade from 1927 to 1937. Focusing by turns on a multifarious selection of Knickerbocker Gardens dwellers, Mr. Bruce achieves a cross-section notable for its punctilious realism and its sympathetic recollection of the ways of the younger generation—much like what Albert Halper did at Union Square, though hardly with Mr. Halper's passionate earnestness.

ALT OF THE EARTH. By Joseph Wittlin. Sheridan House. \$2.50.

In this novel, translated from the Polish, the author depicts the sweltering, hate-ridden weeks of July and August, 1914, as they affected the life of a simple Galician peasant, Peter Neviadomski, to whom the call to arms seemed a personal appeal and command from Emperor Franz Joseph, his second God. The earthy boorishness of the many-tongued children of Austria-Hungary is suffused with a poetic mysticism that becomes now and then a little obtrusive, but never unmanageable; and the mixture of clay and spirit produces a flavor much like that of the Finnish "Meek Heritage." Mr. Wittlin plans a tripartite saga of the "patient infantry soldier," of which "Salt of the Earth" is the first volume.

BREAD AND A STONE. By Alvah Bessie. Modern Age Books. \$2.50.

An absorbing story of the crime and punishment of Ed Sloan, a country lad who, after a blighted childhood and many brushes with the law, made a strange marriage that inexorably led him to commit a fatal blunder—the accidental murder of a man whom he was trying to hold up for money to pay his family bills. "Bread and a Stone," like "An American Tragedy," is somewhat longer and more like a case history than it needs to be, but like the earlier book it successfully creates sympathy for its central character as a victim of environment and his own ignorance rather than a vicious enemy of society.

BALTIMORE ON THE CHESAPEAKE. By Hamilton Owens. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$3.50.

Written by the editor of the famous Baltimore *Sun*, the fourth in the Seaport Series does full justice to the home of pirates and clippers, aristocracy and mercantilism, Betsy Patterson and Wallis Warfield, beautiful manners, good living, riotous politics, and "The Star-Spangled Banner." Situated between North and South, the second port of the United States and the terminus of the first great railway to the West, Baltimore has been torn by conflicting forces, but has always preserved its distinctive flavor. Mr. Owens has just the right combination of local knowledge, historical perspective, and literary skill. The illustrations are effective.

DRAMA

Murder by Gaslight

I WOULD not, offhand, have been inclined to suppose that a good scare is what theatrical audiences want most just now. "Escape" seems to imply an escape into something rather different from whatever life at the moment is supplying most abundantly, and that something different is certainly not goose pimples. The fact remains, nevertheless, that "Angel Street" (Royal Theater) was a sensational hit in London and that it will almost certainly repeat its success here. The fact is also that the only purpose of the play is to make each particular hair stand on end like quills upon the fretful porpoentine.

Not since "Kind Lady"—also an importation from England—has that particular purpose been achieved so completely, and it is obvious that our native

purveyors of terror and crime will have to look to their laurels. There was a time when we thought we alone knew how to turn that trick, when we spoke condescendingly of the slow pace and simple plots of the English thrillers. But we were, it now appears, burning our candle at both ends. Our plays got to moving so fast and to pulling so many surprises that nothing seemed surprising any more, and even a temporary suspension of unbelief became impossible. In desperation we increased the farcical element and spoofed our own horrors more and more until we came at last to "Arsenic and Old Lace," which, for all its success, is a thriller to end thrillers. In that direction it is impossible to go any farther, and anything which goes less far in the same direction is bound to seem feeble. Meanwhile, however, the English continued to work along another line, achieving passable effects in the plays of Emyln Williams and two masterpieces in "Kind Lady" and "Angel Street."

For a plot the author of "Angel Street" has chosen a story at once simple and gaudy, rather like some of those which Conan Doyle used to think up for Sherlock Holmes. It is concerned with a murderer who comes with his innocent wife to live in a house where years ago he had failed to find certain fabulous rubies for whose sake he had done the owner to a bloody death, and this story is told, again like those of Conan Doyle, with an air of absolute seriousness. There is no mystery, for one understands fully just what the situation is, and there are no violent twists as the action proceeds. In an American play the detective would probably have turned out to be the murderer, and the terrified wife would probably have revealed herself in the end as a star of the FBI. Here, on the contrary, everything proceeds at an unhurried pace and toward an expected end, but also in such a way that every ounce of theatrical effectiveness is squeezed out of every situation, and one is reminded of a curious fact which is illustrated on a different level by the great tragedies based on familiar legends—of the fact, namely, that the tension produced by waiting for something which one knows is going to happen can be greater than the tension of uncertainty and surprise. Obviously it is on tension of the first kind that the present play depends almost exclusively; yet the audience sits waiting in agony for the things which must happen. Why such agony should be worth paying good money to get I

am not quite sure unless, perhaps, it is because one knows that relief is sweet and knows also that the happy end is as inevitable as everything else in the play.

The idea of using all the paraphernalia of Victorian propriety as a foil for such deep-dyed villainies is an extremely good one, and Vincent Price as the suave murderer quite properly looks and acts very much as he did when he was Victoria's consort. Judith Evelyn, an English girl new to Broadway, is also very good as the equally Victorian wife, but Leo Carroll is perhaps the best of all. As the retired detective he is Holmes and Watson rolled into one.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MUSIC

NOT least interesting at Toscanini's November 15 concert with the Philadelphia Orchestra was its human aspect. Of the three great eastern orchestras this one may have the best personnel, and certainly is the most engaging in its appearance of youthful alertness and pride—on the occasions, I should add, when it plays under a conductor who gives it cause for alertness and pride. There are men in the orchestra who are good enough musicians to appreciate the flaws in Stokowski's musicianship; but as players in an orchestra they cannot be blamed for worshipping a man whose extraordinary powers as an orchestral conductor—the power, above all, over the minds and bodies of a hundred men—lift the mere process of playing from dull routine to exciting experience. And at this concert the awe on the face of the young first-desk cellist as he looked up from his notes to Toscanini throughout the performance of Schubert's C major Symphony, the smiles of the older men at the end of the performance, were evidence of what it meant to them merely to be playing again under a great conductor—a man who could make use of their capacities, who knew what he wanted and how to get it and would not accept anything less—to say nothing of what it meant to be playing under a great conductor who was also a great musician.

At this concert the orchestra did not produce the lush sumptuousness and splendor of sound that were characteristic of its performances under Stokowski: playing under Toscanini it produced the equally characteristic Toscanini vocabulary—the sharp contours of

individual sounds, of phrases, the transparency of textures, the unfailing continuity and perfect plastic proportions of the tonal continuum of mass of sound progressing in time. And these things, as he produced them with this orchestra, were marvelously beautiful, even if without the miraculous subtleties of color and inflection that he was able to get from the New York Philharmonic after conducting it for ten years, and that can be heard in the recording of Rossini's "Semiramide" Overture. It is with this vocabulary of tone and style that Toscanini expresses his feeling for a work; it was out of sounds, textures, and masses with these contours, transparencies, and proportions that he created in Philadelphia a living form of Schubert's symphony which embodies what this great work means for him—a form in which it has its greatest meaning for me. And out of the same sounds, textures, and masses he created a living form of Debussy's "Ibéria," on the other hand, which I did not find a satisfying embodiment of its content.

Toscanini's performance of the Schubert symphony is not universally accepted; and what is most criticized—not only by the German musicians in our midst but by Americans—is his unusually fast pace for the second movement. Invariably I am startled by the first measures, and then go along easily with the rest of the movement; but at the Philadelphia performance I thought I understood what was behind that fast pace: the feeling for purity—that is, simplicity, economy, subtlety—of style, which leads him often to set a single, subtly modeled tempo for an entire movement, and which in this instance leads him to set a single pace not only for the opening section of the second movement and for the alternating section but for the catastrophe in the middle of the movement, so that the increasing urgency of this passage is achieved, powerfully, without any acceleration, and only a slight broadening at the end is sufficient to give shattering power to the chords with which the passage breaks off into silence.

"Toscanini's performances of Beethoven are not in the Viennese tradition," said a German conductor to me, as though this disposed of them; and no doubt he would dispose of the Schubert performance in the same way. But what is the Viennese tradition, and what is its authority? If Beethoven himself had conducted performances of his symphonies which had been models for Viennese conductors who had heard them

and whose performances were in turn models for others down to the present day, we would have an authoritative Viennese tradition. Or would we? I have listened to Stokowski's early recording of certain works and then to his late recordings of them, and heard the changes that a few years could produce in the same conductor's treatment of the same works; I observed, in the course of a dozen years, the increasing breadth and weight of Toscanini's performance of Beethoven and Brahms, the astonishing change in the pace of the opening of Brahms's First from one season to the next; and after all this I cannot believe that what Beethoven had done with a symphony could have the slightest connection, by way of what a hundred other conductors had done in the intervening hundred years, with a performance of the symphony in Vienna today. Actually, Beethoven established no such models: because of his deafness and the quality of the orchestras the performances of his symphonies in Vienna during his lifetime were very poor; and the better performances of later years had no authority beyond the better understanding of the works which better conductors and musicians achieve from their own study of them—no more authority, that is, than Toscanini's performances today. For some the model may have been Wagner's performance; but Wagner has told us of the chaos that was presented as Beethoven's Ninth at the Leipzig Gewandhaus in the 1820's; he has told us that the first performance he heard which gave him work the sense he had himself got from reading the score was that of Habeneck with the Paris Conservatory Orchestra and this sense was merely one which they had found in the work by means of long, patient study of it in rehearsal of the performance. Did their performance establish a tradition which could forbid other musicians to do the same thing—which today could forbid one of the greatest musicians of all time to look at the work for himself and establish in his own mind what it means for him and in what form in sound it has its meaning?

As for Schubert's C major, the Vienna Music Society found it too difficult; it was performed by the Friends of Music twice shortly after his death; and then it was forgotten until Schumann discovered it in 1838 and Mendelssohn played it in Leipzig in 1839. Did they establish a tradition which forbids Toscanini's wonderful performance today?

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

A Glimpse of Paris

Dear Sirs: The inclosed letter came to me recently from an old Frenchman of Paris. It gives some glimpses of the situation in Paris which I thought might interest your readers. I know that there are still people in this country who do not yet quite realize what it means to be conquered by the Germans and who like to calm their conscience by saying that it cannot be so bad. The facts in the letter are a reply to them, and show further how the ideology of Hitlerism is already developed in France.

... I am very glad to know that you are liberated of this nightmare, this infernal life that we have now in France. Life here has become impossible from the material point of view as well as morally, and especially for the Jews. They are hunted and persecuted like evil-doing beasts. Every day a new infamous *torchon* (newspaper) excites public opinion against the Jews; every day the walls are covered with ignoble appeals to exterminate the Jews. Ninety per cent of all the Jewish stores are closed—liquidated or simply "sold" for a piece of bread. There are no more Jewish employees in the big stores or even in the little ones, for they have not the right to be in "contact" with Aryans.

Periodically the police make raids, either omiciliary (chiefly during the night) or in the public streets, and everyone who is Jewish is sent to a camp. All of a sudden a district is surrounded by the police and everybody sent off to the police station; the Aryans are then liberated, the Jews arrested. By an extraordinary chance I have not been troubled so far. At times, in the evening, I have been in the street when policemen were questioning the passers-by, but I have only been stopped once, when a policeman asked me if I had a weapon. The possession of a weapon brings the death penalty; posters on the walls publish the names of those who have been shot for having weapons.

All material necessities of life are distributed by measures of drops. For each silly thing you must get a ticket from the Town Hall. Clothing, boots, laundry, etc., are not to be found, and what prices for food! We have daily one-half pound of bread, fifteen grams of sugar, four grams of oil, eight grams of butter, eight grams of cheese, four times weekly sixty grams of meat with bones, ice, vermicellis, dry vegetables are not to be found.

There remains the so-called "black market," but that is ruinous—sugar 50 francs a kilo, butter 100 francs a pound, oil 180 francs a liter, chicken 350 francs a piece, rabbit 100 francs a pound, eggs 7 francs a piece, meat 60 francs a pound. The bread is detestable—black, indigestible, and stale. We can get three cigarettes daily; on the black market a package of cigarettes costs 40 francs instead

of 6. Of course I buy some things on the black market, since otherwise we would starve. . . .

HENRY E. MILLER

New York, December 1

The Rising Tide of Money

Dear Sirs: The dangers of inflation are imminent; yet the indifference of the man in the street continues, though he will be engulfed by it if it is permitted to run rampant. Inflation is an intangible concept which receives his attention only when its presence is brought home to him by the increased costs of daily needs. Generally speaking, little or no effort is expended to think the problem through, and few people are able to explain it in terms of the expansion of currency circulation. Indeed, that approach is less frequently stressed. We read more often of merchandise shortages.

I was glad to see the former approach used in the very lucid article entitled *Scarce Goods, Abundant Money* in *The Nation* for November 29. Furthermore, the relative tempo of currency increases in the different countries was effectively portrayed in the accompanying graph.

GUSTAVE J. ROSEN

New York, December 5

A Lesson for Industrialists

Dear Sirs: The December 6 issue of *The Nation* contained a review of Fritz Thyssen's book, "I Paid Hitler," by Franz Hoellering, which I fear will discourage your subscribers from reading one of the most important documents to come out of Germany.

As a matter of fact, the review serves chiefly to revive the ancient quarrel between the German radical intellectuals and the German industrialists. Mr. Hoellering's dislike of the industrialist so colors his thinking that he dismisses the book as "comical," "disgusting," and "hodge-podge." By presenting the book in such a light, he weakens a weapon which can be used effectively to fight Nazism in the United States.

Unfortunately, many American industrialists are potential Thyssens, and they must be convinced that Nazism is not the answer to their problems of property. Thyssen's object lesson might do

this. Mr. Hoellering's resentment against Thyssen is so powerful that it obscures the import and value of Thyssen's revelations.

We should remember that Mr. Hoellering and his friends, the radical intellectuals, lost all their battles in Europe. They are not the right men to tell us how to preserve and protect our own democracy. At the moment I know of no book which should be given wider circulation than the one condemned by the reviewer—and, ironically, it is valuable for the very reasons for which he condemns it.

L. M. BIRKHEAD, National Director,
Friends of Democracy, Inc.
New York, December 12

Let's Look at the Record

Dear Sirs: It was interesting to note the unanimity and vehemence of the vote in Congress for the war resolution. Of course it was to be expected, but I can't help commenting on the eagerness with which a Congressman takes hold of an issue when he knows for a surety that his constituents have definite convictions—and all on the same side.

The Republicans are now going to support the Administration! How in the name of common sense could they do anything else? And "now is no time for recriminations." Perhaps. But before we get much farther I wonder how it would be to compile the record, just in case we should need to refer to it. I should like to see tabulated the votes in Congress on the various important defense measures; you remember, those measures for the proposal of which Mr. Roosevelt was called a warmonger—because there were not more of them and more vigorous ones it will presently be said he has left the country pitifully unprepared.

W. R. CATTON

Manistee, Mich., December 9

French Canadians at War

Dear Sirs: When I was in French Canada last summer some friends called my attention to a violently defamatory article on the French Canadians which had appeared in a recent number of *Life*. They asked me whether that was the American way of implementing the doctrine of hemispheric solidarity. Upon looking up this article I found that the

author, Eliot Janeway, took our neighbors to task in the following terms: "Canada has not yet begun to integrate with Roosevelt's new order, and Roosevelt has not been needling her. Yet the timid and unimaginative MacKenzie King government continues to be blackmailed by the crudely pro-Axis French Canadian minority (an ideal Nazi fifth column)."

Such statements were doubly absurd coming from an American, for at that time we had little reason to be proud of our war effort, while the Canadians were making real sacrifices. May I present a few facts in the name of hemispheric solidarity and the "Good Neighbor policy," since I believe that these slogans should apply to our northern neighbor as well as to the countries of Central and South America?

1. No one ever hears of Arcand any more in Quebec, but a great deal is heard of Mr. Lindbergh, leader of millions of Americans who share his Nazi sympathies and race prejudice.

2. Mayor Houde of Montreal, who called upon the people to resist conscription for overseas service, was arrested by a French Canadian police sergeant upon the order of a French Canadian Minister of Justice, the late M. Ernest Lapointe.

3. At regular intervals pastoral letters from the heads of the Catholic church are read in all the parishes. These letters urge the French population to support in every way the war measures of the Dominion government. In Canada there has been no outcry against giving aid to Russia as there has been in the United States.

4. According to Minister of Defense Ralston, Quebec has supplied the required number of recruits at each call for volunteers.

5. According to an article in *McLean's Magazine*, an Anglo-Canadian periodical, three entirely French Canadian units are now overseas; in addition, several units from Quebec which are considered English-speaking include a large proportion of French Canadians.

6. In the Royal Canadian Navy 30 per cent of the personnel is French Canadian, according to *Le Droit* of Ottawa. This is a fair representation for a population which comprises but 28.22 per cent of the total population of the Dominion.

7. As regards the French Canadian attitude toward conscription for overseas service, this attitude is shared by many Anglo-Canadians who have the Canadian rather than the empire view-

point. Is it not shared by a large percentage of Americans?

Finally, why do the English-speaking people of this continent so frequently exhibit resentment toward the French of Canada? Is it simply a prolongation of the age-old hostility between Anglo-Saxon Protestantism and Latin Catholicism, or is it resentment toward a people who have resisted Anglo-Saxon standardization? Perhaps it is because the French Canadians are so different from our own perfect selves that we believe them to be backward and benighted.

Criticism from Americans is not welcome in Canada. Canadians consider that their war effort compares very favorably with that of their giant neighbor.

A. J. JOBIN

Ann Arbor, Mich., December 5

Beat Hitler with the Bill of Rights

Dear Sirs: That "Bill of Rights week" business sort of gets my goat. The Mayor said we ought to celebrate. Mrs. Roosevelt said it was a good thing to read the Bill of Rights and realize that "it is as important to us today as it ever was."

What should we celebrate? The way the Bill of Rights works in Harlem, or with the tenant farmers, or in a company town during a strike, or in Congress when bad labor leadership abuses the right to strike? The fact is we never had a Bill of Rights that worked.

There are a lot of things that every self-respecting person needs to live happily. And he doesn't want to lose his physical freedom any time for any reason. And therefore he doesn't want to see another guy lose it except according to the rules of fair play. And the same goes for his life or his property or the other person's life or property. These things are instinctive, and that's why Patrick Henry announced his famous alternative. They aren't in the Constitution; they're in you and in me. All the Constitution does is to say Congress or the states can't take them away.

But the boys who for 150 years have thought more of dollars than of lives were taking them away pretty successfully up to about eight years ago when ol' man hard times stirred folks up so that the dollar boys got scared and had to give away a trick or two for fear someone would blow down their house of cards altogether. Right now, since we're in a war and dollars are beginning to come their way again pretty fast, the dollar boys are beginning to suggest that

maybe some of those inalienable rights can be alienated here and there for a while. If we aren't careful, those boys will suspend the Bill of Rights for the period of the emergency. Only they'll suspend it by the neck until dead if we don't watch out.

After we have celebrated these rights of ours, let's be real humble and say "Gosh, they never really have been tried, but the only way to lick Hitler is to try them. Let's start to make them work for everybody; then we might really get something for the 150 billion dollars we are going to spend."

RAYMOND L. WISE

New York, December 9

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